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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 861. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

PLAIN WORDS TO WOMEN

by

Sir John Foster Fraser

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"NEW-PIN" SOAP

WE OFFER

Free Gifts of Real Silver Plate (E.P.N.S.)

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These goods bear no advertising mark of any description.

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THE BRITISH SOAP CO., LTD.

"New-Pin" Works, Wilmington, HULL.

Send no money!

2/6

"Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

The beautifully designed Pencil complete with refills rubber and clip. Always to be found — always ready to write.

The world's best Pen at the price—5/6, post free, complete with clip, 14ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, safety cap. Try before you buy.

We present this Pencil FREE because we wish to introduce to thousands more JOHN BULL readers the most wonderful Pen in the world at the price—the new model 5/6 John Bull Self Filling Pen, complete with Clip. Could you but *see* the Pen we are sure you could never resist such a bargain, hence our offer to *send you the Pen on three days' approval* before parting with any money. Send no money—simply send Coupon and receive both Pen and Pencil by return.

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Send No Money. Available for 10 days only.
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Send me your new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

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ADDRESS .....

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State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL." DATE
"J.B." 12.5.23.

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Greatest Free Home Insurance Gift

Benefits *promptly* paid

342 High St., Cowdenbeath, 10-4-23.
Your check to hand. I was surprised to have it so quickly after putting in my claim.
ROBERT COCKBURN.

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Thanks for prompt and straightforward way in dealing with me. I have told others that JOHN BULL *is best for promptness and quickness.*
H. WICKEN.

NOT only does JOHN BULL protect your home in a better and more comprehensive way, but in addition, JOHN BULL *pays promptly*, which is the acid test of all free insurance. It pays to insure with the best. 202 more benefits paid this week (we have only room to print a few). TOTAL now 4,560.

3, The Croft, Newbold Moor, 28-3-23.
I feel it my duty to let others know that there is a free insurance scheme that DOES PAY OUT.
C. H. FEARN.

5, Mansfield Rd., Clowne, 18-4-23.
Thanks for generous settlement of smallpox claim . . . My friends were surprised, not knowing such a grant was procurable.
A. CALOW.

Damage by FIRE.

CRADLEY HEATH.—E. BAGLEY, 9, Park Lane, Netherend, Cradley.
WREXHAM.—A. SMITH, Bates Cottage, Marchwiel.
DUMFRIES.—Mrs. URQUHART, Glencaple.
SANDY.—Mrs. BARTRAM, 5, East View Terrace, Beeston.
NOTTINGHAM.—F. B. STORR, 14, Mansfield Grove, Peel Street.
WHEATHAMPSTEAD.—W. J. T. COUSINS, Leasey Bridge Cottage.
BUCKHAVEN.—Mrs. GORRIE, 7, Wells Green Terrace Rosie.
LIVERPOOL.—M. SHAUGHNESSY, 110, Upper Mann Street.
FRIZINGTON.—Mrs. M. J. WILSON, 8, Lingle Bank.
ROTHERHAM.—W. E. CHESWORTH, 6, Oval Road.
BLACKPOOL.—C. CUNLIFFE, 37, Evans Street.
PLAISTOW, E.—Mrs. DEANE, 75, Northern Road.
STEPNEY, E.1.—Mrs. DANIELS, 32, Old Church Road.
PLAISTOW, E.13.—W. GARRETT, 13, Charlton Road.
FOREST GATE, E.7.—Mrs. HILL, 45, Stork Road.
KENNINGTON, S.E.17.—Mrs. H. JONES, 24, Wareham Street.
CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.1.—B. LAING, 21A, Kentish Town Road.
PADDINGTON, W.2.—E. MUNN, 6, Hall Place, Hall Park.
BERMONDSEY, S.E.1.—Mrs. NEWMAN, 66, B New Flats, Weston Street.;
POPLAR, E.14.—J. ORWELL, 11, Benledi Street.
COULSDON.—A. E. TINSALL, 13, Mount Pleasant Villas, Stoat's Nest Road.
LANGDON HILLS.—Mrs. A. E. BRETT, Dersingham.
RESOLVEN.—D. J. BOWEN, 29, Yeo Street.
LEYTONSTONE, E.11.—H. J. BATEN, 15, Florence Road.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. N. COOPER, Rose Villas, Bradley, Alton.
EDINBURGH.—J. ELLIOTT, 185, Buccleuch Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. D. ELVIN, 10, The Square, Main Road, Hollinsend.
SENGHENYDD.—Mrs. H. JONES, 3, Clive Street.
BLACKHEATH, S.E.—Mrs. F. LUTTRELL, 14A, Collins Street.
EDINBURGH.—C. ROBERTS, 9, Prospect Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. T. SELLSTROM, 82, George Street, Whitetech.
MILE END, E.1.—Mrs. WOODHOUSE, 98, Bangrath Road.
SCUNTHORP, LINCS.—Mrs. M. A. WRIGHTSON, "Bagmore," Normanby.
CHESTERFIELD.—A. E. HAYES, 51, West Lea Cottages, Clowne.
ABERDARE.—Mrs. E. M. KERSLAKE, 36, Pleasant View, Godreaman.
RHONDDA.—Mrs. E. C. KIBBLE, 44, Party Street, Tylorstown.
ROYSTON.—Mrs. A. J. CHAFFEY, Coronation Cottage, Tadlow.
NORTH WALSHAM.—R. JECKELL, Blue Bell Common.
NORWICH.—Mrs. A. E. MACE, Beccles Road, Thurlton.
DENBIGH.—Miss S. A. ROBERTS, 4, Machno Place, Red Lane.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

SWANSEA.—Mrs. L. HUTCHINGS, 27, Millbrook Street, Landore.
TONYPANDY.—Mrs. L. THOMAS, 52, Childs Street.
MATLOCK.—Mrs. E. GREENHOUGH, Little London, Holloway.
BLAENCLYDACH.—Mrs. M. A. JONES, 40, Railway Terrace.

Home Accidents £1 per week.

SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. E. MORTON, 17, Ford Lane, Marsh Lane.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. PEATE, 110, Lansdowne Road.
CLAPHAM PARK, S.W.4.—E. W. ROBERT, 42, Poynders Road.

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towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Measles, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "spotted" fever) Measles, Arthrax.

MALVERN.—Mrs. E. E. SOUTHEY, 2, Somerset Place, Lr. Chase Road.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—A. E. PUGH, 52, Kensington Road.
STAITHES.—Mrs. F. J. WARD, 14, Lane End.
ABERDARE.—Mrs. M. J. BEVAN, 15, Dumfries Street.
W. EALING, W.13.—Mrs. E. A. HARRIS, 41, Northfields Road.
NANTWICH.—Mrs. J. L. RIGBY, 14, Cross Wood Street.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—F. J. ROWAN, Southbrook Farm, Elwick Road.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mrs. F. J. ROWAN, Southbrook Farm Elwick Road.
SITTINGBOURNE.—Mrs. O. W. ROBINSON, Chestnut Street, Key Street, Borden.
AIRDRIE.—Mrs. J. SMIRTON, Hillend, Caldercruix.
NEWCASTLE.—E. STOBBS, 66, Larch Street Benwell.
MOTHERWELL, N.B.—J. SMITH, 37, North Lodge, New Burgh Houses.
CARDIFF.—K. SAUNDERS, 4, Heudre Road, Albertridwr.
DUDLEY.—Mrs. A. SABAN, Oak Villa, Oak Street, Kingswinford.
SILVERTOWN, E. 16.—A. C. SIMMONS, 2, Rank's Cottages, Evelyn Road.
HOLLOWAY, N.19.—Mrs. A. TETT, 15, Pemberton Terrace, Junction Road.
CAMBERWELL, S.E.—Mrs. E. J. TURNER, 48, Sedgmoor Place.
BAGILLT, N. WALES.—W. WILLIAMS, 4, Tia Newydd.
BETHANIA, S. WALES.—J. A. WILLIAMS, 8, Penybryn.
TILLICOULTRY, CLACKMANNANSHIRE.—Mrs. WILSON, 6, Scotland Place.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. J. WILLIAMS, 21, Griffiths Street, Ystrad Mynach.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—J. WAKE, 75, Fleming Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. L. WARD, 4, Watkin Street.
NEWHAVEN.—Mrs. E. WELLER, 21, Norman Road.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. A. WOOD, 310, Beaufort Street, Dingle.
HARROGATE.—Mrs. M. WESTERMAN, 9, Regent Mount, Starbeck.
NEWHAVEN.—Mrs. L. HALKHAM, 50 Chapel Street.
WEDNESFORD.—Mrs. R. HARLEY, 44, Arthur Street, Wimblebury.
SHEFFIELD.—T. H. OSBORD, 65, Earl Street.
WANDSWORTH, S.W.18.—P. J. O'KELLY, 14, Santos Road.
NEWPORT, Mon.—Mrs. E. PEARCE, 7, Caldicot Street.
GLASGOW—Mrs. A. ROSEN, 44, Apsley Place.
SEAHAM HARBOUR.—T. RODGERS, c/o Mrs. Reid, 8, Strangways Street, Dawdon.
DONCASTER.—H. ROBERTS, 21, Theobald Avenue, Hyde Park.
CALDERCRUIX, Lanarkshire.—J. SCOTT, Watsons Land.
STOWMARKET.—Mrs. G. SNOOK, 60, Union Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. SPEDDING, 61, Shipley Street, Byker.
SHEFFIELD.—W. SANDERSON, 13, Ferrars Road, Tinsley.
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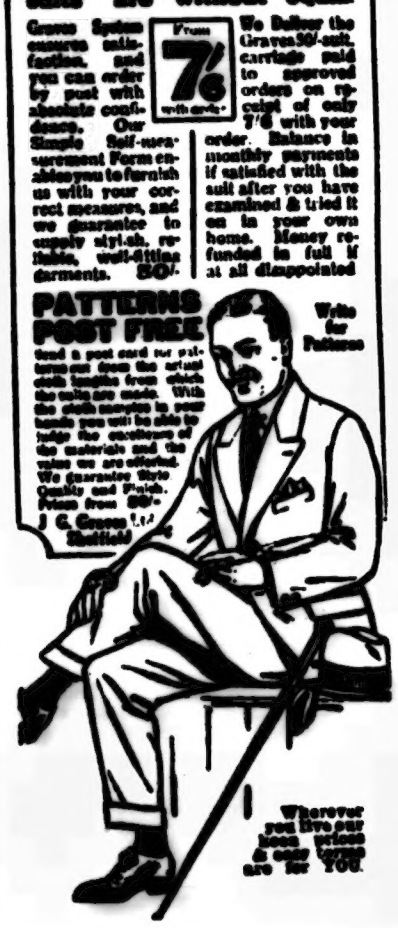

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Week ending Saturday,
May 12, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Houses for Instance.
The Premier's holiday is going to be a severe test for his Government. Nothing but bold policies and definite action can save it from disaster.

A New Wangle.
Germany is busy organising a new army under the guise of the "Green Police," and money that should go to reparations is being lavished on it. Are the Allies both helpless and blind?

But We Don't Think So.
Sir Percy Cox says we may evacuate Mesopotamia in four years—perhaps. The British taxpayer may consent to this appalling waste for another four years—perhaps.

De Mortuis.
Lord Middleton's attack on the memory of Lord Kitchener is not in the best of taste—besides being unfair. Surely this great national figure might be allowed to rest in peace.

In Their Own Hands.
There is no justification whatever for the high prices of tea and sugar. If housewives ration themselves for a short time there will soon be a hurried climb-down of the profiteers.

Hypocrisy.
Lady Astor is now in sympathy with the cranks who want to stop betting on horse races. Does that mean that none of the family money will be down for the Derby? We don't think!

Give Them Work.
The so-called "dole" costs the country more in a month than we have received in reparations from Germany in three years. The Government behaves as if it expected unemployment to solve itself.

Our Prince.
Never was a compliment more deserved than King Albert's description of the Prince of Wales as "an unparalleled ambassador of his country." History will corroborate this in no uncertain terms.

Stop Profiteering.
And this time we refer to the State. The reassessment of houses now in progress is simply penalising the unfortunate people who were forced by the scarcity to buy their houses at grossly inflated prices.

Other Countries Well Ahead.
Our divorce laws are not only unjust but sadly behind the times. Lord Buckmaster's Bill cannot be ignored much longer.

So She Should.
Russia wishes to join the Near East Conference. The world will certainly never have peace until all nations work together in a real effort to settle their differences.

Self-Evident!
Sir Arthur Keith says the human brain is not increasing in size. Looking at the inability of the politicians to tackle effectively either unemployment or housing, we can well believe it.

The Machinery's Rusty.
Lord Robert Cecil has returned from America a sadder and wiser man. Criticism has forced him to see the futility of the League of Nations in its present form.

"Dining with Royalty."
Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's severe trouncing of those who object to his fulfilling his official duties was well deserved. A leader who takes orders from his followers is a "mug."

A Bird of Ill-Omen.
Sir Basil Zaharoff is in London again. War moves in the wake of this sinister figure, and with Lausanne in the balance the Government must steer clear of him.

The Obvious Answer.
If the U.S. Government refuses to allow foreign ships carrying liquor to call at American ports en route for other places, they won't call. That's all. American trade will suffer first, foremost and all the time.

A Bad Business.
The scandalous profiteering that has been going on over the ex-enemy ships handed over as reparations, calls for instant inquiry and exposure. The taxpayers have been shamefully fleeced by the shipowners.

The Net Sales of
JOHN BULL
are the largest of any 2d. weekly periodical in the world—
and they are
still going up!

But No Higher Price!
When is the Ministry of Health going to insist that all bread shall be sold in hygienic wrappers? Clean food is as vital as good food.

Stop Them Advertising.
It is time that the money-lending sharks, who mostly prey on the poor, were checked. Their open and unashamed squeezing of clients has become a scandal.

The Only Way.
The Highgate Bench have sent a man to prison for a month for ill-treating a horse. It is, as we have constantly pointed out, the only way. Other magistrates, please copy!

What a Farce.
The amazing League of Nations has made it a crime for anyone in the Saar Valley to criticise its actions. It's a poor thing that needs to invoke law to save it from discussion.

Still Watching?
The Board of Trade proposes to lessen the gas peril by giving inspectors more power. The real danger—the composition of the gas—has been carefully ignored.

Encouraging Citizenship.
The proposal to give prisoners in Maidstone gaol an up-to-date education is the first step towards making our penal system not merely a punishment but a real remedial force.

A Strange Claim.
It is not in the public interest that we should be told how much was realised by Disposals Board dealing in materials at Renfrew Aerodrome, blandly declares the Government. Why not? Would the shock be too great to bear?

A Not-so-Gloomy Dean.
The Dean of Durham courageously observes that he does not think a man who puts a shilling on a horse is therefore an incorrigible sinner. Of course not. But he is often an incorrigible optimist.

A Paying Game.
Besides receiving enormous salaries the Law officers of the Crown receive huge fees. This is a case for the Geddes Axe—drastically applied. Last year the Attorney General's "tips" were over £24,000.

No More War!
There is serious danger of war between France and Turkey, and the former is trying to get material support from Britain. If the politicians allow it to come they will be guilty of a crime for which the people will certainly call them to account.

Food for the Flames.

Mr. John Graham, Durham Coroner, held an enquiry into the death of a woman due to her flannelette clothing having caught fire. He likened deaths due to the use of "this abominable material" to the methods adopted in the burning of Christians in the arena at Rome. But flannelette is cheap and workers' wives are poor.

A Savage Father.

After beating his little son with his fists, dragging him about and chasing him with a naked sword, Donald M'Kenzie, an Avonbridge railway porter, turned on his little girl and threatened to stab her with the sword. For these savage displays of paternal affection he was fined £7 in all by the Falkirk Sheriff. Such a brute ought not to have children about him.

Deportation the Only Cure.

Liverpool's Chinatown, with its evil opium dens, hells, where an insidious and morally ruinous system of Asiatic gambling is played, and its places of sinful doings is the grave scandal of the City. Young English girls, at the terrible cost of their moral ruin, have learned the character of some of these places. Deportation, not fines, will cure Liverpool of its moral sore.

Poverty and the Child.

The Children's Branch of the Home Office has reported that in 1921 the number of children under 16 brought before juvenile courts in England and Wales was 30,253. The report says, "Poverty seems to be undoubtedly at the bottom of much of the delinquency among children." But was there amongst the 30,253 a single rich man's child? *All* would have been nearer the mark than "much."

Knight in Name Only.

Colonel Lionel Knight, J.P., a large Hampshire landowner, prosecuted a village woman and a village school-girl for gathering firewood—he valued it at eighteenpence—on his Alton estate. The Colonel would not miss the paltry bundle of wood, but it is odds on that the village woman missed the 5s. she was fined by the Colonel's brother magistrates—probably missed it badly. Has Colonel Knight ever read the story of Dives and Lazarus?

Harsh and Unconscionable.

On the last day of a twelve months' course of carpentry at the G. I. F., Norwich, F. Rainer, of South Quay, Great Yarmouth, was discovered with other trainees indulging in a quiet game of halfpenny nap in the dinner hour. He was summarily dismissed and made to forfeit his bonus of £6 10s., his week's pay of £2 2s. 6d., and, worst of all, his kit of tools. Through lack of the latter he is unable to accept work offered him, and is forced to join the doleful queue at the Labour Exchange. Such punishment for a trifling offence is harsh in the extreme.

A Callous Road Cad.

While driving his car in Carlton Road, Nottingham, Thomas Alfred Pilgrim knocked down and killed a five-year-old toddler named Ford, who was crossing the road to spend his "Saturday penny." The Coroner recorded a verdict of "Accidental Death," and exonerated the driver from blame. In view of the verdict, Pilgrim was under no obligation to compensate the poor parents, but common humanity should prompt him to express sympathy with them in their terrible loss. The fact that he has not done so stamps him as a callous cad.

Jobs Going Begging.

The Surveyor of the Tonbridge Rural District Council reports that he has been unable to start on the new road at Speldhurst, because "labour was very scarce." Is the man mad?

The Old, Old Tragedy.

The pitiful death of Florence Marshall, a Kensington housemaid, is yet another harrowing example of the fact that the woman pays. The poor girl had twins, and worn out by the struggle to keep them, and her shame, she cut her throat. "Oh, how I long to kiss my babies before I go," she wrote. Referring to the man responsible, she added, "I am leaving the rest to God, as He will punish you one day for your treatment of me." We will leave it at that.

A Dark Distinction.

Several readers have asked us why Leslie Jago, a private in the R.A.M.C., should have been sent to prison for six weeks for being in unauthorised possession of drugs, while his accomplice, Pudywalap Savan, an Indian clerk at the Board of Education, was let off lightly with a fine. There is no reason whatever that we can see, unless it is that the Government are afraid that if an Indian were properly punished, Shapunji Saklatvala, M.P., for Battersea, would make a speech about it.

Stopping the Sweeps.

Many envelopes addressed to Switzerland, containing remittances for tickets in various Derby sweepstakes are finding their way back with a slip enclosed, "Opened and returned to the sender by order of the Secretary of State as it relates to a lottery which contravenes the Lottery Acts." In face of this, readers may as well refrain from asking our opinion of the genuineness of these gambles, since the Government are evidently bent upon stopping the lot.

Callous Callaghan.

One would think that a blast furnaceman would know the difference between hot and cold water. Ambrose Callaghan, Secretary of the Blastfurnacemen's Union at Workington, was summoned for cruelty to a dog by throwing hot water over it, scalding its skin from the back of its ear to the end of its ribs, so that a veterinary surgeon advised that it should be destroyed. He pleaded that he did not know the water was hot, and the Bench accepted the plea and dismissed the case!

Surcharge the Shylocks.

Many readers ask us how they may rid themselves of the pestiferous attentions of touting moneylenders, such as William Lloyd, otherwise D. Fligelstone, of 48, Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W., and Alexander Jones, formerly A. Goldstein, of 16, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London, W., to mention only two of many offenders. Until the Postmaster-General prohibits the broadcasting of such circulars for a halfpenny, they might try returning them through the post in fresh envelopes without stamping them.

Gibbon's Monkey Tricks.

M. Gibbon, who describes himself as "Wholesale Footwear Factor, Contractor to Government and Public Bodies," with Head Offices at York Road, Hove and Ship Street, Brighton, has for a long period been advertising for Wholesale Representatives at £4 a week. Applicants receive an attractive offer of appointment conditional upon their sending £1 for samples. The phrase "returnable if you do not retain the goods for your own use," indicates that the offer of employment is but a deceptive method of disposing of single pairs of footwear

How Will They Live?

The Hat, Cap and Millinery Trade Board for Scotland has agreed on minimum rates for women ranging from 1½d. to 1¾d. for the first year to 5½d. and 5d. for the fourth year. No wonder there are a quarter of a million women drawing unemployment pay when a shilling a day is the starting price for work.

Blood on Their Hands.

A number of small children wheeling a perambulator would have been cut to ribbons by an oncoming train had not a gentleman stopped them crossing the level crossing by the Carnarvon Workhouse. This crossing is a veritable death trap, and unless the authorities want to have blood on their hands, they will erect a footbridge at this dangerous spot.

A Shady Variety Agent.

The true character of the business methods of "The Globe Vaudeville Agency," conducted by James O'Connor, in Seymour Street, Liverpool, has been found out. When he pretended to a girl seeking an engagement that he had authority to book artistes for a show at the Liverpool Olympia the man was a liar. His action is typical of many agents and should be guarded against.

Hopeless at Twenty-two.

Three years ago, at nineteen, John Kirkham, a farm labourer, was made a criminal by the law. He did wrong, and a harsh bench of magistrates sent him to jail, instead of dealing with him as a first offender. Now he is regarded as a bad lot, and a lost soul. When he has served the three months the Wrexham justices have given him what is to happen to this lad of 22? Can he not have that encouragement to make good which was denied him when he first slipped?

That Pound of Flesh.

The Hop Controller's idea of assisting the industry has been to encourage foreign hop-growers to import their crops and destroy the markets of native hop-growers. The hop-growers are thus very hard put to it, as a result, to get the money to pay their way; the Rev. A. F. C. Owen, of Tunbridge Wells, seizes this as the opportune moment to summons local hop-growers of tithe payments. Hit a man when he's down is Owen's idea of Christian Charity.

A Mean Swindler.

A North London reader who replied to an advertisement offering an unfurnished flat at £4 a month received a letter from Geo. W. Martin, 6, Willowfield Road, Eastbourne, containing a full description of the accommodation and asking for references and a deposit, on receipt of which an appointment to view would be arranged. Money and references were sent and acknowledged, but that is the last that has been heard of Geo. W. Martin. We wonder how many more people the scoundrel has swindled in the same manner?

Debt Collecting Sharks.

Tradesmen desiring to recover debts should take care not to entrust their collection to such sharks as E. S. Fowler and M. A. Bishop, who trade as "Fowler's Confidential Service and Debt Recovery Offices" at Clive Chambers, Windsor Place, Cardiff. Among their tricks are the charging of 25 per cent. commission when only 15 per cent. has been agreed upon, and the inclusion in their account of exorbitant expenses so as to show a balance due to the agency instead of to the creditor. Better bad debts than worse debt collectors.

Man Should Pay.

"The relationship of an illegitimate child to its mother should be the same as if it were legitimate," says Mrs. Edwin Gray, a York magistrate. If "father" were substituted for "mother," there would be fewer sad seductions, not so many broken hearts, and a higher standard of morality.

"Rated" to Jail.

Major Fitzclarence, Governor of Strangeways Jail, declared at a Guardians Conference at Manchester that the Debtors' Act should be amended. Last year 1,300 people were imprisoned in Strangeways Jail for debt. One would like to know how many of the delinquents were householders imprisoned through inability to pay rates.

Effete Methods.

For six years plain clothes police have been watching a house in Mayfair. For nearly as long one in St. John's Wood has been under nightly observation. The cost runs into thousands of pounds. Yet an alert man could obtain all the evidence wanted in both cases in a week. When will the Yard cease to regard effete and "efficient" as interchangeable words?

Fishy Dutchmen.

Grimsby fishermen have been successful in their agitation against the dumping of fish by German trawlers, but they are being cleverly hoodwinked despite this. Dutch and Danish fishing-vessels are now landing extra heavy catches at Grimsby and crowing over their "superior skill" as fishermen. But the true explanation is that they are landing German-caught fish. It is safe to leave it to the Grimsby folk to know how to deal with this dirty trick.

Workless Men and Wanted Women.

A time-expired Soldier in search of work was advised to apply at the Glasgow Corporation Tramway Offices, but was informed by an official that there were over a hundred men on the waiting list. Returning home with his hopeful heart turned to lead, his tram fare was collected by a woman conductor. Opening a local paper, he found it full of advertisements for domestic servants who cannot be obtained for love or money. It is about time this topsy-turvy state of affairs was set right.

A Job for the Kent Police.

Further information indicates that "The Ladies Agency," King Edward Avenue, Broadstairs, on which we recently commented briefly, is a fee-snatching concern of the worst description, although it is apparently run by a woman. From different parts of the country we have received details of cases in which half-crowns have been extracted from poor people seeking situations without any attempt whatever being made to render them any service. It is time the Kent police put a stop to this harpy's activities.

An ex-Mayor's Memory.

For one who never forgot to open the meetings of the Town Council with prayer, while he was Mayor of Northampton, Alderman George Smith Whiting showed a strange lapse of memory regarding the renewal of his motor licence. It expired on October 24th, 1922, and he was summoned for driving without one on March 30th, 1923. The ex-Mayor's mind may have been so full of his Pussyfoot and anti-tobacco activities that there was no room for anything else, but a fine of 20s. should correct any future tendency to forgetfulness.

Unheeded Thousands.

The Ministry of Health has stated that the number of persons in receipt of Poor Relief in England and Wales on March 31st was approximately 1,429,000. What a terrible vision of misery these figures conjure up!

A Young "Rodog."

Stephen Lampshire, of Oldham, a young motor-cyclist, knocked over and killed a boy in Hollinwood. He had only ridden a machine a week, and at the time of the accident was carrying a passenger on the pillion. He was, of course, charged with dangerous driving, but although the magistrates and police found nothing but condemnation for his action, he was discharged. We catch our breath and say—lucky "rodog."

Harried to Death by Pals.

Members of a trade union at Walkergate, Northumberland, made of the life of Arthur Maughan a hell. Men who had been his pals turned upon him and treated him badly. They jeered him and called him a blackleg. They broke his courage and destroyed his health. To escape their tyranny he committed suicide in his sweetheart's presence. What will the members of that trade union say if the ghost of poor Maughan turns up at their branch meeting?

SELF-JUSTIFICATION

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT was a cynic who observed: "Don't tell anyone how you are, for no one wants to know."

But in the main he was right.

No one wants to listen to a man detailing his physical ailments; the world has not time for it, and no interest in it either.

The friendly inquiry "How are you?" does not mean much beyond an expression of good-will.

It is only those who love us most who are troubled by our pains.

The chronic invalid soon drops out and is forgotten.

The habitual complainer receives scant sympathy.

Even those who care for him become wearied by his woes and learn to discount his recital of them.

Still more is this true of him who is given to dwelling upon his wrongs and over-anxious to set himself right in the opinion of his fellows.

You may have been badly treated by your neighbour, but it is vain to expect on-lookers to feel as indignant about it as you do.

The justice of your cause may be clear as noonday, but if you are constantly insisting upon it your acquaintances will avoid you or take sides against you.

Most men are repelled by a squealer.

They admire the fighter who contends for a cause from whose success he derives no exclusive gain, but they have little patience with the querulous person who expects attention to his special and private grievances.

Realise that on the whole the world cares no more about your grievances than about your physical aches and pains.

Besides, what does it matter whether the world agrees with your view of what is due to you or not? It is not worth while to try to persuade it to do so.

As Frederick Robertson said, the character that cannot defend itself is not worth defending.

Silence and time will generally do more to vindicate a character than clamour and argument.

The Death Trap.

A casualty list of 70,000 including 2,768 dead is supplied by the White Paper on road accidents caused by vehicles in Britain in 1922. In England 956 deaths were caused by mechanically driven vehicles. A weekly casualty list of 1,346 with 53 killed demands attention.

Ministerial Tomfoolery.

The Ministry of Transport is wont to require a census of traffic on a road the improvement of which is under consideration. A public enquiry at Northwood has revealed that in such census each sheep in a flock has to be counted and recorded as a vehicle. How typical of the bureaucrat!

More Money Wasted.

After hours of valuable time and much public money had been wasted in debating at the House of Lords a case brought by the Crown against Nobels Explosives Co., Ltd., in respect to income-tax, their Lordships unanimously dismissed the Crown's appeal, and stated that it was a hopeless case. Who is responsible for bringing a hopeless case at such great cost to the public purse? Inquiry needed.

Another "Cash Prize" Ramp.

The ramp for which E. Purdon was sent to prison after exposure in JOHN BULL, has been revived by "The Economic Supply Stores," 18, Burton Chambers, Norton Street, Liverpool, dozens of whose circulars offering "£1. Cash Prize" to people who send a 3s. 6d. Postal Order for a "Special Platinoid Two-inch Bar Brooch with Large Centre Stone," have found their way into our waste-paper basket. We suggest that other recipients should forward them to the police marked "For necessary action, please."

Under the Golden Umbrella.

When William Evans, a wealthy farmer, was charged before the Chester Court for being helplessly drunk in charge of a motor car; the Chief Magistrate explained that he could send him to prison for a month, but laughingly said he supposed "defendant could not be spared for a month." Evans entered into the joke, and amid more laughter asked for leniency. Still chuckling, the magistrates readily acceded, and merely fined Evans 40 shillings. What was behind this maternal consideration for the feelings of the wealthy farmer?

Blatant Bribery.

"Steady reliable workman, with splendid record, will give £10 to £100 for Bank Messenger, Porter, or any position of trust," says an advertisement in a Belfast paper. We should think little of the bank which gave preference to a man who attempts to take such an unfair advantage over other applicants, and could scarcely say more than "Served him right!" if someone closed with his offer and sacked him a week or two after securing his £100. Workmen whose qualifications need to be bolstered up by bribes are of no use to us.

A Despicable Usurer.

Beware of a despicable individual who has recently opened a "Loan Office" at 110, Haydon's Road, Wimbledon. His miserable method is to slink around while husbands are at work, slipping into letter boxes scraps of papers with "Special Loans to Ladies from £1 upwards" stamped on them. One foolish woman who fell into his snare received 13s. 6d. after signing a note for £1, and handing over an insurance policy as security. She had her life made miserable by the bullying methods he adopted to collect the weekly instalments of 2s. 6d. in repayment.

Shylocks to Watch

Mean Lure for the Unwary!

HEARTLESSNESS and rapacity are very unlovely characteristics; they are part of the ordinary stock-in-trade of the professional moneylender.

One of these gentry, whose activities are honeycombed with spacious promises and dirty dodges is Mr. T. Levinson, of 49, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

This unconscionable shark advertises promiscuously, offering to lend money, from ten pounds to five thousand, without fees, security, enquiries or interviews. "Why worry over money-troubles," he asks those who are in difficulties or distress. "Consult me, and be convinced of future happiness."

We advise those who get this man's circulars to put them in the dust-bin. Do not believe the shark when he tells you of his kindness and generosity. He makes quite a different noise when he gets his fangs well fastened into your flesh.

A reader of JOHN BULL, living in Cardiff, applied for a loan of two hundred pounds. He got a letter from Levinson asking for five pounds to pay the expenses of an agent who would come and see the applicant. This, despite the wording of his advertisement.

The five pounds was sent. The agent came, and the loan was promised—at fifteen per cent.

Then Mr. Levinson faded out of the transaction. The next step was a letter from a Mr. W. Kent Smith, of 50, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who stated that the application had been handed to him by Mr. Levinson, "of this city."

He offered to lend the two hundred pounds, but he did not propose to hand that sum to the debtor. He proposed to hand him one hundred and thirty-five pounds—in exchange for a promissory note for two hundred pounds. And the applicant had to find an acceptable person, who would put his name to the bill and undertake joint responsibility.

The bill was to be paid off in twelve monthly instalments of £16 6s. 8d. In other words, and subject to security, the applicant was to get £135 and to pay back £196, plus five pounds agent's expenses, or £66 for twelve months' loan of £135—or very nearly 50 per cent!

This is kindness—the kindness of a shark, battening on the necessities of those in difficulties

So much for Mr. Levinson and his methods, his no fees, no enquiries, no security whatsoever A plain and obvious humbug.

When is the Home Secretary going to take action against the moneylenders who scatter their misleading circulars through the post, to servant girls and schoolboys, and the inexperienced in general.

Is it public policy that public services should be used for the private gains of sharks and blood-suckers and common swindlers?

The Worst Crime in the World

WHAT could be more despicable than the conduct of a mother whose sole interest in her child is the price she will receive for its corruption by evil-hearted men. It is incredible that motherhood should be so degraded. Yet there are many such women in London as this article shows.

BY repeated and outspoken exposures in these columns we have succeeded in checking the activities of many of the evil men and women who live on the harvest of vice in London.

From time to time efforts are made to strengthen the laws which aim at protecting women and children. Much good has been achieved for example by the provision which makes it a criminal offence for men to live on the immoral earnings of a woman. But this is only the fringe of the problem.

What could be more tragic for example than the fate of a young illegitimate girl not yet sixteen, whose name is in our possession, and who is at present living at a house of illfame in the West End.

This little girl had a happy childhood. Shortly after she was born, her mother, who did not wish to be cumbered with the child of her shame, handed her over to the grandmother, who reared her.

This good old soul, though she was only a poor woman, worked hard to bring her up to be an honest and decent girl.

The mother, to the sorrow of the poor old grandmother, went steadily from bad to worse.

For nearly sixteen years she did not bother about her unwanted child.

But as the child began to grow towards womanhood the evil woman, her mother, manifested an unexpected interest in her welfare. She knew the market value of youth and innocence.

The grandmother got the girl a position as a parlourmaid with a very nice family living in a very nice house near London, where she was very happy, singing as she went about her work, all unconscious of the dreadful future that was in store for her.

By some means her mother got to know where she was, and took the child away with her—took her away from a comfortable home, and forced her into a life of shame.

The poor old grandmother lies heartbroken on a bed of sickness. The child whom she worshipped and cherished is in a den of infamy, kept there by the woman who bore her, and who disgraces the sacred name of motherhood.

And the poor old soul is helpless. She does not believe, nor do we, that her grandchild enjoys the dreadful life she is compelled to lead.

She is forced to witness and take part in scenes of nameless horror. When she reaches the age of sixteen, she has been told, she will be promoted "to a better place."

The "better place" is a more expensive house kept by a notorious woman, who was formerly a friend and associate of Queenie Gerald, whose terrible record we have exposed in these columns.

This wretched woman has a list of girls upon whose frailty she can count. The patrons of her establishment are wealthy men. But the unhappy girls reap little of the gain. Their brazen mistress grows rich on the proceeds of their shame. Truly an awful destiny for the fatherless child of an infamous woman is intended.

It is an appalling story. It does not stand alone.

There is a man who has a flat in a fashionable part of London, and who has living with him two little girls who are his own children. This wretched man makes considerable sums of money by the sale of indecent prints.

He gives parties at his flat, to which are invited wealthy and degenerate men, and the little children are actually compelled actively to assist at scenes which are unfit to be enacted before the eyes of innocence. That he should be permitted to keep his own children in such shocking conditions is a crime against society.

There is another degenerate and quite non-moral woman, who is widely known as "Winnie," and who has a half-caste child whom she compels to earn a living by immorality, and whose earnings she appropriates.

She began her abominable activities in Maida Vale, moved thence to Marylebone, and is now living in a flat at Bayswater.

Another woman who has been responsible for spreading moral ruin and degradation among girls of tender years, is the notorious May Kent.

A woman named Kitty Weber is also well-known as a leading figure in this wicked traffic. At present lying low, she was recently seen holding a reception in a famous West End café.

There are scores of children in London to-day suffering terribly at the hands of shameless and cruel parents. They never have a chance to learn that the world is not the sordid and dreadful one in which they poor helpless prisoners of vice at present find themselves.

A Pot-House Peer

A Noble Lord's Ignoble Profession

THERE surely never was a Peer of the Realm so careless of the dignity of his rank as the Right Honourable Lawrence William Palk, third Baron Haldon.

At the Croydon Police Court last week, this noble Lord most ignobly prosecuted a young man named Thomas Henry Potter, the son of his housekeeper, charging him with stealing a suit of clothes valued at thirty shillings.

In the witness-box, his lordship posed as a philanthropist, declaring that he took young Potter in out of kindness, giving him board and lodging in return for odd jobs done.

We have heard of many people who have been taken in by Lord Haldon, but in no case have we been able to discover any benevolent intentions on the part of his lordship.

Potter's story, however, threw a different light on the matter. He told the magistrates that he had to be up at six o'clock in the morning to cook his lordship's breakfast, and then had to do the housework and cook and serve a five or six course dinner every evening, afterwards clearing everything up. For performing these duties his lordship gave him a few shillings and cigarettes now and again. The suit of clothes, he said, was given to his mother by the noble lord, and she passed it on to him.

The Bench showed their good sense by accepting Potter's version of the story rather than Lord Haldon's, and dismissed the charge.

In the Croydon County Court not long ago, when the noble Lord was sued like any common labourer for arrears of a weekly allowance payable to his wife, he sent a medical certificate that he was unable to follow his occupation. This was disputed on the ground that on the day he was supposed to be ill, he was seen frequenting public-houses. This, indeed, appears to be his main occupation.

He habitually degrades his rank and name by allowing them to be used as figureheads for flatcatching financial concerns—for a consideration, of course.

At the beginning of the year coroneted circulars were being sent out over his signature as "Chairman" of the "Oil Lease Investment Company," offering five-year leases of oil land in Texas at £3 3s. an acre.

We do not know what became of that concern after our exposure of its futility, but we observe that Lord Haldon is now associated with an exactly similar ramp called "International Oil Industries," with offices at 15, Strand, London, W.C.

The rank of the Right Honourable Lawrence William Palk, third Baron Haldon, who signs the touting circulars of this concern, may well be described as of the guinea-pig stamp.

And to think that this money-grabbing mountebank and public-house lounger is one of our hereditary legislators!

What a game!

Doctors Who Sin For Money

IN the main medical practitioners are animated by a high sense of professional honour. It is with reluctance, therefore, that we reveal the startling fact that in London, posing as real white men in every sense of the word, there are qualified physicians whose skill can be bought by wealthy women desirous of avoiding the consequences of their foolishness.

WE had something to say recently of doctors who ruin women, but we said nothing of the skilled practitioners who run nursing homes in the West End, where well-to-do women, or women with monied friends, may retire for special operations, appendicitis and "other things," nor of the doctors who are financially interested, to their great profit, in maternity homes in London, the suburbs, and largely in certain quiet localities in the Thames Valley.

Here, there are dozens of St. Cecilias, St. Monicas, or other heavenly named maternity retreats, "well recommended by doctors," to quote most of the prospectuses. It is invariably one doctor, and if he is not the actual owner, he shares in the profits and commissions from the firm supplying the home with all stores and medical appliances ordered for the patients' use, and charged up to them at exorbitant rates.

This fact was recently tested by a lady whose husband was for some months in an expensive nursing home. She demanded the name of the wine merchants who supplied the half-pint bottles of champagne ordered by the doctor for her husband's daily single glass in sips. For this three pounds per week was charged by the nursing home, and she succeeded in tracing the grocery stores supplying it at a cost of 18s. per week.

. . .

An instance within our knowledge occurred in a West End nursing home in the neighbourhood of Nottingham Place. A Devonshire lady brought her husband to town and left him in charge of this home. After some weeks she was obliged to return to Devon, and received a number of reassuring letters from the matron. At the same time, the unhappy patient was begging to be allowed to go home and die there, as he gathered that there was no hope of his recovery. At the end of two months he succeeded in getting away and reached his home, where he died three days later. Had he been unable to pay the high charges, his bed would have been required for another patient long before.

It cost a wealthy City man a while ago over £600 for an operation for "appendicitis" on a beautiful young friend of his, a musical comedy actress, in a private nursing home in a N.W. London district. She died under it, and a nurse who was then on the home's staff, but later took up private nursing, has told more than one of her patients the truth about the operation in which the girl lost her life.

A well-known airman laid out a similar sum in the Armistice year to discharge the doctor's bill and a month's stay for a young girl in the house of a Marylebone maternity nurse, and to pay (through the doctor's agency) a London sisterhood (not Roman Catholic) their fee for total adoption of the child.

This sisterhood has for years done a big business in child adoption, money down and no questions asked, and a lot of other business comes through medical men's agency.

In this instance, the doctor made all the arrangements for handing the infant over. Later, the girl regretted parting with her child, and went to the sisters and begged to be allowed to see it. She found, by searching enquiry, that the child, under the new name given it by the organisation, had been boarded out with a labouring man's wife at Bristol, but she failed to get the address as she had signed a deed giving the sisterhood full authority over the infant.

. . .

Doctors are easily found who will arrange for an infant's adoption, "not for love, but money down." Readers may recall an inquest inquiry not long ago into the death of an infant born in a Portman Square mansion. It was later taken in a shocking condition to a London hospital (where it died from neglect and exposure) by a woman in the East End. She told them she had received it, with a small sum of money, from another woman, who in her turn, it was found at the inquest, had received it from another woman with a sum of money.

The doctor who had taken the child to this woman was traced; he gave evidence in Court that he had attended the young mother of the infant, and by arrangement with her family had undertaken to get it adopted. He took it in a cab to the wife of a well-known trader in preventive birth appliances in a West Central populous district, and left with her the infant, a box of finest quality infant's clothing, and a handsome sum of money.

This woman admitted that she had passed it on the same day, for a consideration, and further evidence proved that the hapless unwanted child changed hands again a few days later, and was very shortly after taken in a dying condition to the hospital, ill-clad and neglected.

The shocking story was brought to light through the hospital authorities' vigilance, but there are hundreds of similar cases every year that never come to light.

There are fully qualified medical men in London and the outer districts who have a peculiar and huge following of women from all parts of London seeking advice when pregnancy is suspected. One of these doctors, established in a N.W. district, has a special fame as a consultant amongst Frenchwomen in London, Brighton and other centres. Yet he has little or no local practice.

. . .

In a case which occurred a few months ago, the wife of a Frenchman occupying a good position in a Western business visited this consultant, in company with a friend, another Frenchwoman.

A few hours after she became very seriously ill, and a local doctor was called in, but the fact that she had visited this consultant was concealed from him and the nurse. She became much worse, and was at the point of death, when the tenant of the next flat, who had accidentally heard of the woman's visit to the specialist, informed the doctor. He had great difficulty in getting the name of this doctor and commented, "If the woman dies I shall need it for the police information."

Thanks to the big fight the doctor put up for her life she did not die, but the specialist escaped prosecution.

. . .

In Society there is another and a very popular way of disposing of the unwanted child. The expectant mother goes in very good time to France or Belgium for a few months, and the child on arrival is handed over, with a sum of money, to a convent, and all traces of its identity are concealed. Certain Belgian convents are known to be big traders in this traffic of adoption, and girls adopted in this way are trained, as soon as they are able to sew, in the eye-blinding slavery of fine lace production, and the making of the finest hand-worked lingerie.

There is a little girl to-day, in one of these convent factories, whose mother (a much beparagraphed Society woman here and in New York) is the daughter of an Earl, and whose father is the brother of a very popular Earl. She does not know, and is never likely to know, who her parents are.

There are people in London who know it, one, for instance, being the English chauffeur who waited in a country road while Lady ———, the mother, and Lady ———, who accompanied her on her trip for her health to the Continent, took the fortnight-old infant to a convent at the end of the road and left it there. It is so very easy for women in Society to get over troubles like this. The poor girl who gets into trouble has no backdoors of this kind.

It is these reluctant mothers who ruin the life chances of their unborn offspring by taking drugs to destroy them before birth. This is why so many hapless little ones prove to be mentally deficient or are physical weaklings. Yet high-priced nostrums, pills and potions are openly sold in the chemists and drug stores for this purpose—and largely advertised in a certain section of the Press.

The Medical Association had laboured long in its effort to get the laws relating to the sale of these drugs altered, for the public safety, but as yet without success; and their published revelations prove that the majority of these premature remedies are exploited by American firms, which draw huge revenues from this country as the result of its disgusting traffic.

What have the authorities to say about this? Is the cause of the nation's health not sufficient inducement to deal drastically with these matters?

THE ORDER OF THE BOOT

Decoration for a Braggart Mug-Hunter

A FEW weeks ago we published a cautionary paragraph regarding "The Ideal Trading Company," of 47, Grafton Street, Oxford Road, Manchester, who were issuing circulars informing the recipients that their names had been selected for an "Award of £5 in Cash, or value in Goods, or valuable Ideas to that amount." To secure the award it was necessary to send 5s. 6d. for a "Surprise Bargain Parcel."

At the head of the circular appears the name "P. N. Clempert, O.B." What the latter initials stand for we have not been able to discover, but those who read the following account of a reader's experience will agree that Clempert is well qualified for the Order of the Boot.

The alluring offer of a "£5 Award" was sent to a schoolboy home for the Easter holidays at Devonport. He sent 5s. 6d. out of his pocket money for the "Surprise Bargain Parcel," and received a razor and a fountain pen.

A prospectus of "J. Clempert's Idea Course" was enclosed, and the luckless schoolboy was asked to introduce students and promised 5s. for every £1 received by Clempert through his introduction.

The Course is divided into three sections, "Professional," "Commercial" and "Sporting." The first deals with "Secrets of a Handcuff King, escaping from Handcuffs, Chains, Ropes, Packing-cases, etc. How to escape from prison as a performance, the way to become a Star." The second concerns "The Essentials of a Mail Order Business." The third includes "How to become a Tipster from Office or in Public. The way to make a book without any risk. The way and best system of backing horses."

All this to a schoolboy scarcely in his teens! No mention whatever was made of the "Award of £5 in Cash, or value in Goods," which was the lure in the original circular sent out, and which was the sole inducement the boy had to part with his savings.

Clempert offers instruction in "How to escape from prison." If he persists in his present course he may soon have an opportunity of putting his knowledge to the test.

Torturing the Weak-Minded

IT is terrible that weak-minded inmates of asylums, who are not capable of protecting themselves, should be wilfully ill-treated by the very persons who are paid to look after them. Yet such ill-treatment undoubtedly occurs, as the startling facts in this article show.

THOSE who are struggling to secure better conditions for the unhappy people confined in the lunatic asylums of this country are fighting an arduous and uphill battle.

No better example of the obstacles that confront the public-spirited reformer and humanitarian could be given than the story of the courageous efforts made by Councillor Mrs. Hatfield, of Hull, to get justice done for the inmates of the Willerby Asylum, which is under the control of the Hull city Council.

For months she has been struggling to secure an adequate inquiry into allegations of shocking neglect and mismanagement in this institution. A public investigation was set on foot. The revelations made at it were followed by the public with the keenest interest, developing into the greatest indignation.

Now this inquiry has been abruptly broken off, on the ground that Mrs. Hatfield, who was tortured by evasions and delay, and who was herself so ill that she had to ask for indulgence, lost her temper and wrote an angry letter to the Committee, using some very harsh words.

Mrs. Hatfield regrets her ebullition of temper. She regrets much more what seems to her the advantage which has been taken of it to break off the investigation, and to refer the whole matter to the Board of Control, even though the reference is accompanied by a request for an independent inquiry.

This is a thoroughly unsatisfactory development, from the public point of view, for such a grave matter cannot be disposed of by deflecting it into a blind alley.

Mrs. Hatfield has fought this battle pluckily and pertinaciously and is now, herself, as a consequence of her efforts to help those who are in distress, in a serious state of illness. Her medical adviser, Sir James Cantlie, of Harley Street, has warned her that she must cease all public work for the present, as she is in urgent need of complete rest and treatment.

As a member of the Asylum Committee she decided, after hearing serious complaints of the ill-treatment of patients at Willerby, to pay a surprise visit to that institution. She arrived there at seven in the morning, and asked to be shown into the bathroom in ward number four. She states that she saw there twelve women altogether. Two were young attendants bathing two elderly women; two were inmates putting on their dresses; two were standing perfectly naked; the other four, in embarrassment, were holding some clothing before them.

The nurses admitted a breach of the bathing regulations. Doctor Merson, the resident medical superintendent, said that it this crowd were there it would be contrary to the rules. It was the first he had heard of it. Nurse Simpson, the charge nurse, said there were not twelve persons in the bathroom. There were *only eleven*. These are the kind of answers that the Asylum reformer may expect.

Mrs. Hatfield made a complaint that she went into a room she described as "a dungeon," where she found a young woman in total darkness, who complained that she had been lying there since seven o'clock the previous night, and had not had even a drink of water. Doctor Merson said that Mrs. Hatfield must have made a mistake as to the time, because the shutter was open before breakfast. His own assistant, Nurse Simpson, admitted that the shutter was closed, another notable example of unsatisfactory answering.

With regard to the bathing arrangements, Nurse Rogers admitted that an alteration in the procedure had been made. Mrs. Hatfield produced a witness, a former nurse, who gave evidence that patients sometimes had to take a bath in water that had been used by another patient. Nurse Drewery said the only occasion she saw two patients bathed in the same water was once when she saw the ex-nurse, who gave this evidence, allowing it. A remarkable coincidence indeed.

Mrs. Hatfield says that she saw an inmate who had her clothing fastened with hatpins, obviously a most improper arrangement in an asylum. Nurse Simpson replied that the woman who had the hatpins looked after herself, a perfect illustration of the explanation which does not explain.

Mrs. Hatfield found in a big and crowded dormitory a mattress which was soaked, and from which the stench was disgraceful. Nurse Simpson admitted that this should have been taken away, but had not been removed. She also admitted that this mattress had been wet previously.

Mrs. Hatfield complained of the insufficiency of night attire and of muddled arrangements, so that an inmate very seldom had the same night attire on two consecutive nights. The danger of this is obvious in an institution where in one month there were deaths from such diseases as general paralysis, bronchial pneumonia, enteric fever, and delirious mania, and where patients are lying in bed from tuberculosis.

Nurse Simpson admitted that a new system had now been introduced to secure the same nightdress for the same patient.

There were a number of other complaints made by Mrs. Hatfield, and in many cases the answers to them were similarly evasive and unsatisfactory. How could they be anything else? How could there be due attention paid to clothing and linen if the laundry, which needed bringing up to date in 1914, has not been remodelled, even by 1923? How could it be otherwise when Doctor Merson admits that he did not think any of the women attendants had had hospital training, and that only six out of thirty-four had even certificates of mental nursing?

Is it fair to ask Doctor Merson, who has arrived at the ripe age of eighty-two, to be responsible for this big institution, even although he has the assistance of his wife, who is the paid matron of the asylum?

Alderman Taylor, of Hull, complained that Mrs. Hatfield went to the public, and that was "her object solely." The Lord Mayor illuminated this comment by the remark that "she wanted publicity."

Let her not be dismayed by inept comments of this kind. Publicity is exactly what is required, though it may not be desired by the Hull City Fathers.

This matter is a gross scandal. We have repeatedly called for a Royal Commission to deal with the whole question of the treatment of asylum inmates throughout the country. We could ask for no better case to support this demand, than the amazing story of Mrs. Hatfield's treatment in her gallant and single-handed struggle for justice and mercy.

OUR PETTY POLICE

Silly Charges and Wasted Money

THE scandal of vexatious police prosecutions has reached such a pitch that judges, magistrates, coroners and juries are all commenting forcibly on it.

Recently there was the case of Mrs. Lilian Stewart, of Jermyn Street, who was summoned for having permitted her dog "Bobbie" to jump playfully at an old lady and frighten her. The police harrowed the feelings of the Court by recounting in detail the story of the dog's savagery. The result was an order for the destruction of the pet.

Mrs. Stewart spent her last farthing and got into debt in order to appeal. It cost her £85 to save her pet's life.

The instance of Richard Marshall, 43, charged at the Guildhall for having been drunk, deserves special mention.

Marshall, it seems, collapsed in the street from illness. When the magistrate learnt the truth and ordered the poor fellow to an infirmary *in a taxi*, Marshall instead was placed on a bench where he thus remained for two hours—*till he died.*

The South Western Court Magistrate, Mr. Waddy, had something just as hard to say to the police for bringing a charge against motorists who had not observed the conditions as to the size of their number-plate letters.

"Discrimination," declared the magistrate, "should have been exercised before bringing these charges." But discrimination seems to be the last quality of our police.

Mr. Mead, the Mariborough Street magistrate, in discharging David Mealey, a respectable man charged with annoying women, said: "I may say in regard to this case, that what has guided me to a very great extent is that the evidence of the two constables is absolutely inconsistent."

Let us hope that the police will learn the lesson which the magistrates have been trying to teach them.

A LITTLE COSTER HERO

Sad Plight of a Gallant Life-Saver.

LIVING in Islington at the present moment is a little coster hero who has, so far, received no public recognition whatever of his remarkable career of gallantry, and is, moreover, without any but the most meagre means of subsistence.

Royal Humane Society's Medals and Certificates are gratifying tokens of recognition of conspicuous heroism, but they are not of much value to a man who has scarcely the wherewithal to keep his own body and soul together. Here is a hero who is denied even these.

Patsy Hackett, of 9, Busano Street, King's Cross, is thirty-eight years of age. He is only a little man, a trifle over five feet in height, but he has the heart of a lion. During the last two years he has saved a score of lives from drowning, mostly venturesome children, who have fallen into various canals while at play.

In addition he has recovered several bodies.

A more magnificent record it would be hard to find, yet the poor fellow has fallen on evil days.

We have not the space to publish a full list of his rescues, but there are many families who have reason to be grateful to the great heart of little Patsy Hackett for saving their little ones from drowning in the Regent's Canal.

He did his bit during the war, but his pension has ceased. As a coster, he is not eligible for unemployment pay. He has a wife and nine children to support, but of late his health has failed him, and the mainstay of the family has been his eldest daughter. Now she, too, is laid aside by illness, and the household is desperate.

This little hero does not want medals or parchments, he seeks only the means to live. Surely the Municipalities of Islington and Finsbury will see that he is not neglected.

IS LONDON LIKE BABYLON?

What a Scotsman Thought of It.

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

IT sounds like a paradox; but there appears to be something almost uncanny about the Scots. Sir Robert Horne—himself from Slamannan, Stirlingshire—lately described them as "a laconic and tongue-tied race."

Yet one gathers from the Parliamentary reports that a little band (or should one say "wee coterie"?) of them have pretty nearly talked the roof off the House of Commons, and the Motherwell of Parliaments is rapidly becoming much more of a Scottish than an English institution.

Far be it from anybody with honest blood in his veins to complain. Old Ma Parliament must put up with what she can't help, just like any other sensible wifie. She may depend upon it that the Scots "ken weel" or "fine" what is good for her, and unless the passport authorities intervene she may confidently look to a steady access of sonsie Scotch dials on both sets of her benches.

ALL the same—and before it becomes a penal offence to speak without a Glasgow accent—I am venturing to call attention to a remark made by a Scotchman—and made in the House of Commons at Westminster—which I really do not like. Here it is.

"LONDON IS A MODERN BABYLON, A CITY OF CORRUPTION."

The book, film, U.S.A. and broadcasting rights of this profound utterance are apparently the property of a Mr. Maxton, M.P., to whom an entirely friendly contemporary refers as "the hatchet faced Scot who is rapidly establishing himself in the House." For myself I say that, faces out of the question, to establish oneself whether in the House, or for that matter in butt or ben, by any such libel on an unoffending metropolis is entirely uncalled for.

I wonder if Mr. Maxton happens to be aware what kind of a place ancient Babylon, to which he likens the finest city in Britain (after Edinburgh) really was. Let us endeavour to enlighten him.

> Babylon (says the nearest work of reference) had 100 brazen gates, and its walls, which were cemented with bitumen and greatly enlarged and embellished by the activity of Semiramis, measure 480 stadia in circumference, 50 cubits in thickness, and 200 in height.

WHEN Mr. Maxton first did us the honour of coming to London did he find a hundred brazen gates carefully closed against him? Did he find Semiramis actively embellishing the city's mural surroundings? Did he have to climb a wall 200 cubits high before he could get into the Euston Road? Certainly not, forbye! Then why "modern Babylon?"

Take back that cruel "Babylon," Mr. Maxton. Unless you like to make it Baby-lon and done with it, London will resent the obvious and most damaging innuendo. London is an open city, sir, open-armed and open-hearted, open-minded and open-handed and easier to get into than a *creche*. If any Scotchman has found her otherwise, it is his own fault. He has omitted to warn the Lord Mayor and Messrs. Truman, Hanbury and Buxton of his arrival. Every Scottish gentleman desiring to set up his everlasting rest in the city of the coal-black Mamelukes should know that by applying on a form signed by the proper authority can travel half-price on the 'buses between St. Pancras and Fleet Street, and third-class with a first-class ticket from King's Cross to Westminster any time the "firsts" happen to be chock-full.

AND when it comes to "city of corruption." English flesh and blood simply will not endure it. I take it that Mr. Maxton must have been hearing from his two countrymen who on their first visit to our stronghold were looking down both sides of the Strand for something cheap to eat. By and by they saw in a restaurant window "Welsh Rabbit, 3d." "This'll dae us," they said, "because when we have eaten the rabbits we can sell the skins!" On being served with the usual damp toast and cheese, one of them remarked to the waiter, "So ye ca' these rabbits! A' weel, I ca' 'em just a common swindle!" "City of corruption," indeed!

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

WHEN Mrs. Asquith was in America, someone remarked to a famous New York editor that she would be quite a nice woman if only she didn't let her tongue run away with her. "Unfortunately," replied the editor, "no one can be found to follow the tongue's admirable example." That, I believe, was the general attitude towards her in the States. She landed as a nine-days wonder. The Yankees came, stared, went away—and continued to wonder. They imagined they were going to hear some spicy bits about Lloyd George; they hoped she was really as witty as she said she was in her book; they expected at least a certain amount of scullery-scandal. Instead, they were told about jumpers, bobbed-hair, hobble-skirts, the habits of servants, cigarette-smoking and Prohibition.

That is Mrs. Asquith all over. Though gifted with plenty of animal spirits, and to spare, she has the mind of a backward High School girl. She can rise to the full height of a discussion on hats. She is intensely interested in silly books, silly plays and silly people. She is fond of silly conversation, and has a real genius for making silly remarks.

The ridiculous praises that were showered on her silly autobiography

MARGOT.

proved nothing but the essential silliness of the critics who wrote them. There was not a scene, not a phrase, in the book that would have excited comment if she had not been the author. The entire work, coming from the wife of a British Prime Minister, is really beneath notice.

Nevertheless, within her limits, Margot has certain fine qualities. She is honest according to her lights, courageous and unconventional. She doesn't really care a "damn" for anyone—except, of course, herself. She has made hundreds of enemies—which is always greatly in a person's favour—and several true friends—which proves a certain sincerity and warmth of heart. But she goes out of her way to hurt people. Possibly time has soured her. I can't say. I only know that I have heard her intentionally wound another's feelings by saying something "catty" when she could just as easily have said something nice.

If her so-called wit were really witty, one could forgive her a lot. If her repartees, her cutting comments, were even faintly amusing, that would make up for their all-too-frequent viciousness. But she is just an ordinary person with a biting tongue. And if her family hadn't been wealthy, she might have occupied a position more suitable to her low standard of intelligence.

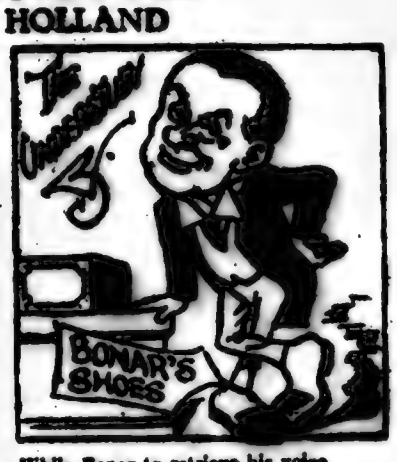
Think of it! With every opportunity to mix with the great men and women of her time, hardly a dozen pages of her autobiography deal with people one would nowadays cross the road to look at. She has contented herself with knowing a crowd of political nonentities, whom she calls "great," "noble," "majestic" and all the other meaningless adjectives which usually decorate the newspaper obituary notices of those same fatuous footlers.

Which reminds me that I was wrong just now. She was, of course, admirably fitted to be the wife of a cabinet minister . . . . !

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Tho' in this wireless tug of war
We don't know who will win,
Before it's done there'll be some fun
For those who listen-in.



While Bonar to retrieve his voice
Has gone off for a cruise,
Friend Baldwin by the Premier's choice
Has stepped into his shoes.

This ban, to ships on Yankee trips,
Will be a nasty jar,
It seems to me there's bound to be
Some moaning at the "bar."

He used to boast he'd "rule the roost,"
But that time's long gone by,
He's glad at last to break his fast
By eating "humble pie."

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Lt.-Col. A. BUCKLEY, D.S.O., M.P.,
Department of Overseas Trade.

SIR,—I am told that German granite is being dumped at Aberdeen for use as tombstones and that some of these Hun-hewn slabs have actually been set up as British war memorials. I cannot imagine a greater outrage on public sentiment. How on earth did your Department come to permit it? Are your people merely asleep or did they fail to appreciate the absolute indecency of such a traffic? JOHN BULL.

To LORD GISBOROUGH,
Church Association, 13, Buckingham Street, W.C.

MY LORD,—The King's visit to the Pope, according to you, is going to hurl this country into the throes of one of the biggest fights it has ever seen. Aren't you making much ado about nothing? The call at the Vatican after all is purely a courtesy visit, sanctioned by the Government, planned to last a quarter of an hour. What is it you fear? You mustn't forget that the Pope is the spiritual leader of over 14 millions of His Majesty's subjects. Surely that in itself justifies an exchange of civilities!
JOHN BULL.

To W. CLARKE HALL, Esq.,
Metropolitan Magistrate, Old Street, E.C.

SIR,—You have seen fit to characterise as "grossly untrue" my oft-repeated accusation that magistrates are culpably lenient to persons convicted of cruelty to animals. I am amazed that you should have the audacity to defend a state of things that has stirred the whole country to indignation. Either your information is singularly limited or your standard of cruelty is lamentably low. Of these two conclusions you can take your choice. JOHN BULL.

To JIM LARKIN,
Liberty Hall, Dublin.

SIR,—You used to have an immense influence with the Dublin workers, and I've no doubt you retain it. Consequently, I am delighted to see that on your return, after being deported from America, you have openly declared that you are out for "unity and charity—and no more killing." By working to this ideal you can do much to heal the gaping wounds of your unhappy country. But you must prove your sincerity first. Get busy.
JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM S. LEEDS, Esq.,
S.S. "Marengo," Hull.

SIR,—Tired, I suppose, of the orthodox amusements of your dollar-saturated class, you have been "working" your way across the Atlantic as an able seaman to win a bet of £2,000. Well, I suppose you might have spent your time worse, but frankly this gilded tom-foolery makes me rather tired. Why not settle down to a job and make yourself really useful? JOHN BULL.

STILL (LOUD) SPEAKING!

THE BROKER'S MEN: "We'll stick this monotonous programme till we get the 'goods'!"

To OSWALD MOSLEY, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Your reference to "the hooliganism of imported crowds" at Wembley on Cup Final Day was singularly ill-informed as well as being deliberately offensive. As a matter of fact the people who came long distances to see the match, only to be fooled by the incompetence of the Exhibition authorities, behaved extraordinarily well. Apart from that, what right have *you* to sneer at "imported crowds"? Were you not yourself imported into that Division? You seem to have adopted some of the superior airs of your illustrious father-in-law, Lord Curzon, but, believe me, you can't act the haughty patrician half as well as he can. So you would be well advised to cut it out and talk sense.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. H. JOHNSON,
Unitarian Conference, Manchester.

REVEREND SIR,—It really is difficult to satisfy people of your muddy mentality. There is an inflexible law on the Manchester Cotton Exchange, as in every other decent commercial community, that a man's word is his bond. One would think that this state of things would give a clergyman lively satisfaction. But it isn't good enough for you. It is not a code of honour at all, you proclaim, but merely a regulation of self-interest. I am glad to see that the rest of the Conference adopted the attitude of reasonable-minded men and dissociated themselves from such an amazing doctrine. What on earth *do* you want?
JOHN BULL.

To ALBERT GEORGE CORRIGAN,
7, Hornsey Lane Gardens, Highgate.

SIR,—You seem to be a pretty low-down sort of creature. After giving birth to her first child your young wife had to go to an institution for a time. On her return you calmly told her there was no room in the house for her and turned her away without a penny. Afterwards you persuaded her to sign an agreement accepting 7s. 6d. a week on the condition that she gave up her baby. But, fortunately for women who marry people like you, there is such a thing as legal protection, and you duly found yourself in court. There, to crown your record, on hearing an Order made against you, you burst into tears. Do you by any chance call yourself a man?
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. C. De GRAAN,
Stevenage House, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SIR,—Reputable business men in this country, as you have now discovered do not accept bribes. You tried it on with a manager of the jewellery department at a West End store and so found yourself in the Guildhall dock, from which you emerged £25 poorer. England is a hospitable country, but foreigners who come over here to start in business in opposition to Englishmen must at least obey the law. I hope you have now got the hang of our commercial morality and that you won't offend again. Otherwise you must be deported to your native Holland.
JOHN BULL.

To Dr. MARTIN J. CHEVERS,
c/o "British Medical Journal."

DEAR DOCTOR,—Many a festive soul will thank you for your epoch-making discovery that hiccups are due to rheumatism. Never again will the returning reveller dread the fierce interrogation of his indignant wife. "Rheumatism, my dear!" will be his reply (if he can speak at all for hiccups), and his devoted spouse, instead of applying the poker, will administer thermogene, or make up one of your 15-grain doses of sodium salicylate. Sir, you are a public benefactor, and there are hundreds of men who will take off their hats to you. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

The German Insult.

UNDER pressure from Lord Curzon, and beneath the stress of the Ruhr occupation, Germany has made an offer to the Allied Powers. Its paper value is £1,500,000,000, its moral value less than nothing. In effect it is a colossal gibe. The tone of the Note in which the offer is presented, is one of unabashed truculence. "Fifteen hundred millions," cries the exultant Hun, and then mutters with a knowing wink: "Get it if you can."

Well, rightly or wrongly, France thinks she can. There is likely to be no slackening of her hold upon the Ruhr Basin. The enterprise is a costly one, not only for Germany and France, but for the whole of Europe, but it is too soon to predict its entire failure. Our own impression is that before long Germany will be forced to capitulate, and that the lapse of a few months will find her in a more chastened mood.

In any case it ill behoves us to lecture France, who, at any rate, is acting vigorously according to her lights, unless we are prepared to show her some better way of obtaining peace with honour. At an early date there should be a further meeting between the Entente Powers and a renewed effort to find an agreed basis of settlement. Because the attempt failed in January it need not necessarily fail in June. For our own part we do not believe that the "Be kind to Germany" party are so numerous in this country as is commonly supposed. There is a deep undercurrent of sympathy with France, and an almost universal feeling that she is morally right even though in some directions she may be economically wrong.

The task of Great Britain is two-fold; on the one hand we must attempt to moderate the excesses of French nationalism, and on the other hand we must let the French Government understand that if they are prepared to be reasonable, we are ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with them in enforcing a settlement. Otherwise we had better tear up the Versailles Treaty and admit that in reality we never won the war.

Rascally Lawyers.

IT is time the Law Society turned its attention to the blackmailing type of solicitor, who has had far too long a run for his money. This scandal is beginning to assume very serious dimensions. The lists at the Law Courts are weighed down with actions which ought never to have been launched at all, and have been commenced simply in the hope that timid defendants will be browbeaten into settlement out of Court with substantial costs for the lawyers. In investigating the complaints of our readers, we are constantly brought into touch with this sort of thing, and we feel it our duty to enter a public protest.

The blackmailer knows full well that the surest way to extract money from his victim is to employ the machinery of the law, and he is able to employ this machinery simply because there is a small but pestilent minority of legal practitioners who are ready to lend themselves to his nefarious schemes. The mischief wrought by these "black sheep" of an honourable profession is not to be measured by their numerical strength, and so pernicious has the evil become that the general body of solicitors would welcome vigorous action by the Law Society.

Apart from the code of professional honour, there is no restraint upon the charges which may be made in the familiar "lawyer's letter," and it constantly happens that persons attacked in this way are willing to pay large sums of money rather than stand up to have mud thrown at them and every detail of their past life examined in the face of a judge and jury. In such cases the law is simply the apparatus of blackmail, and the solicitor who advances a bogus claim, knowing its true nature, is a rascal, and for such the Law Society has appropriate penalties.

Yet we have been shown letters in support of these blackmailing claims on the notepaper of firms of standing, of extensive professional connections, of long-established prosperity. The Divorce Court is their happy hunting-ground, and many undefended suits would never have figured in the lists at all but for the rapacity of certain solicitors and their sneaking clerks.

The public has a right to protection against the blackmailer, no matter what respectable disguise he chooses to adopt.

The Wembley Folly.

IN our early days we were told the story of the wicked men who sought to escape further punishment by building the Tower of Babel. Apparently the authorities of the British Empire Exhibition have a similar touching faith in the capacity of bricks and mortar piled high enough to cover a multitude of sins. So they planned a tower; but unfortunately before the foundations were laid came the Football Cup Tie fiasco to remind the public—some of them much too painfully—of the shortcomings of the management.

In vain the British Empire Exhibition officials have tried to fasten the blame for this disaster upon the Football Association, the police authorities, and even upon demons of evil chance beyond the reach of human censure. It is all to no purpose; the responsibility is theirs.

The whole affair is profoundly disquieting. It seems to suggest that the recent Committee of Enquiry were too easily satisfied, that the wrong people are still in control, that even yet there is no effective security for the success of next year's Exhibition. It would almost seem that incompetence and stupidity are contagious disorders, and that the newcomers in some mysterious way have caught them from their predecessors. Or is it that the art of camouflage has been ingeniously employed to make sham reforms look real?

Either way the position is a serious one; after the recent breakdown the public will no longer be put off with half measures of reorganisation. The success of the British Empire Exhibition is too precious a consideration to be sacrificed to any personal ends, and if necessary the whole row of "heads" at Wembley must be exchanged for live brains.

A Charter for Children.

THE desperate escape of six girls from the Borstal Institution at Aylesbury does not suggest that that establishment is quite the sort of place it ought to be if the Home Secretary spoke the truth. Like the establishment for boys at Portland, the Aylesbury Institution for Girls is an old prison, and no amount of special pleading on the part of the officials can get over the fact that girls who have lived there hate its very name.

The mere circumstance that six girls are prepared to run breakneck risks in order to escape from the place, one of them within a few weeks of the expiry of her sentence, has an appalling significance. Sooner or later there will have to be a searching official enquiry into the whole administration of the Borstal system for juvenile offenders, and if Mr. Bridgeman values his reputation for kindliness and good nature, he will delay no longer.

Meanwhile it is gratifying to note that our long campaign in the cause of child welfare is beginning to bear solid fruit. The Labour Party, not always lost in dreams, have tabled a useful measure which, if passed into law as it deserves to be, will constitute a new and improved edition of the Children Act. This Bill, for which Mr. C. G. Ammon, M.P., is primarily responsible, commences with the child before birth, and fixes an appropriately severe penalty for the wilful destruction of pre-natal life.

In the second place it is proposed to strengthen the Criminal Law Amendment Act in regard to girls under sixteen, and we are bound to say that this strikes us as a far more sensible reform than that which seeks, in the teeth of obvious difficulties, to raise the "age of consent." The effort "to prohibit the sending of any person under sixteen abroad for the purpose of performing for gain" strikes a direct blow at one of the most sinister features of the White Slave Traffic, while the provisions intended to combat the worst forms of procuration by women of the Queenie Gerald type deserve the active support of right-thinking men and women.

Dumb Agony.

IT is good to see that some of the Miners' Associations are waking up to the horrible cruelties practised upon pit ponies. It would be still better if they would go further and demand the substitution of mechanical haulage for the present inhuman system.

It seems that there has been little or no improvement in the lot of these wretched animals since we first took up the cudgels on their behalf more than ten years ago. They are still overworked and beaten, bruised and wounded, robbed not only of light and air but gradually of sight itself, treated more like machines than sentient beings.

Probably nothing short of compulsory legislation will suffice to liberate the pit pony, and the Miners' Associations, having made a good beginning, should urge their Parliamentary representatives to press the matter in the House of Commons without delay.

TWO PACKS OF CARDS

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. BONAR LAW has gone to the Mediterranean to find his voice, and we all hope the holiday will do him good. But his absence from England is a grave weakness to our interests, especially in view of the very moderate abilities of the colleagues he leaves behind. The only first-rate mind in the Government is that of Lord Curzon, but it would be difficult to point to any statesman who has less popularity in the country.

If Mr. Bonar Law's voice does not come back, and he finds it impossible to continue in office—and it must be borne in mind that he is a tired man and is anxious to escape from office—it is not easy to see how the Government as it is constituted to-day could remain in power. After all, a Government must have someone who can give it a lead and keep its end up in debate. In Mr. Law's absence the Ministry has no one.

It is this precarious condition of the Government that gives significance to the operations of Mr. Lloyd George. The fact that he rarely goes near Parliament—I fancy he has not voted half a dozen times since the present Government came in—only means that he is busy burrowing. He suffered such a catastrophe last autumn and is so universally distrusted, that he might be assumed to have disappeared finally; but he is so nimble a political strategist and has got all the parties in such a tangle that it would be unsafe to count him out. Any moment he may spring a mine. Probably he had a hand in the abortive attempt to blow up the Government a few weeks ago, but he was far too astute to come out in person in so doubtful an affair. He left the Birkenheads to try the ice and go under. When he strikes in person he will take no risks.

He is playing a characteristically daring game, and he is playing it as usual with two packs of cards. In his hand is the Liberal pack; up his sleeve is the Coalition pack. Watch his covert movements, his heart-to-heart talks with the confiding Liberals of Manchester and elsewhere, his touching eagerness to meet his old friend Asquith at Leeds or Liverpool or Wigan or anywhere else, his attentions to the Nonconformists, and so on, and you might assume that the restoration of the Liberal Party which he smashed to bits was his only object in life.

But meanwhile up his sleeve is the Coalition pack, the picture cards of which bear the faces of Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Austin Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill and Sir Robert Horne. He does not flourish this pack in public. He hopes the innocent Liberals will forget it is there, even though his supporters in the constituencies, like Sir Edward Grigg, at Oldham, have occasionally to assure their followers that it will be played in due season.

If Mr. George succeeds in capturing the Liberal machine, he will then set about converting it into a Centre Party with the Chamberlain-Birkenhead Conservatives—probably seventy in number—as allies and with hostility to Labour, coupled with a judicious seasoning of Limehouse, as the motive.

It is a great scheme. Whether Mr. George can carry it through depends on whether he can get inside 11, Abingdon Street. If he can do that, and do it quickly, he may yet sit in Mr. Bonar Law's seat again.

PLAIN WORDS TO W

by Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER,

IS the bitterness with which many men view the influx of female labou justified? Does the pin-money woman really constitute a menace to th progress of the male worker? Sir John Foster Fraser deals authoritativel and pointedly with these most important questions in this article. He doe not omit to refer to that vital factor in the situation, namely, the load o legal responsibilities man carries on his shoulders in comparison to woman His conclusions are lerical and unprejudiced.

WOMEN are the perpetually dissatisfied sex.

They complained about being the goods and chattels and the playthings of men, and demanded equality. But the more equality they have achieved the more bitterly they protest. For, having become the competitors of men in a multitude of occupations, men treat them as competitors--and they do not like it.

It is charged that men are not now so polite to women as they were; that they will even sit in crowded trains and 'buses and let women stand. Quite true. That is one of the consequences of equality. Women cannot eat their cake and still have it.

The assertion that men are resentful toward women entering spheres which men had long regarded as their own is increasingly true.

There is the beginning of a sex war.

BUT women invariably overstate their case. At the annual conference of the Women's Freedom League the other day Mrs. Schofield Coates, J.P., of Middlesbrough, declared a sex war was being waged by men in their efforts to keep back women who were endeavouring to render service and justify their existence. She declared: "Women are being persecuted and victimised, not for inefficiency, but because of their sex or because they are married."

As a man who has always advocated the equality of the sexes, I would remark that the Middlesbrough Portia is wrong.

Man has done more for woman than women would ever be likely to do for one another.

Women are not loyal to their own sex; they will undersell one another in the marts of the world; as every employer knows, they will deliberately offer to undersell men if they can get the jobs. And men know this.

There should be no rule that women have the same pay as men. What they should have is the same pay for the same work. But in the bitterness of competition they are the principal transgressors; that is why women, as a rule, do not make good trade unionists.

IT is a significant fact that whilst some years ago the trade union societies were laudably energetic in securing industrial equality for women, now that their purpose has been achieved the chief antagonism to female labour is to be found amongst trade unionists.

They scent the woman as the enemy; they fear that an influx of female labour will have the consequence of forcing down wages. In their anger they convince themselves that those who uphold the principle of equality are actuated by a sinister motive to use female labour as the means to lower the earnings of men.

All I have to say in regard to this is that if men, with their greater physical strength and their boasted superior brain power, cannot hold their own in equal competition with women, they had better throw up the sponge and admit they are the inferior sex.

It was only the other day that a trade unionist friend was bemoaning the increased power of women in the political world. "Mark my words," he said, "not for the interests of the country, but for their own benefit." "And for what purpose do the trade unionists use their political power?" I was compelled to ask.

Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

The British working man, especially in trades recently adopted by women, is getting into a bit of a funk. He wants protection, not from the competition of foreign goods, but from the competition of his own smart countrywomen working at the adjoining bench—which makes one smile.

There are few mixed workshops in England where there is not an undercurrent of antagonism on the part of the men, not "because we are women," as Mrs. Schofield Coates says, but because the men suspect their new competitors of not being loyal in playing the game.

But men have a grievance. Many women claim equality and yet expect certain concessions to their sex. They see married women deliberately avoiding maternity so they may be in business, whilst their own wives are at home attending to the house and children. It is not true that men persecute and victimise women "because they are married." It is because many of these married women—and the same applies to many unmarried girls who live at home and are not dependent on their own exertions for their livelihood—play into the hands of employers who take advantage of cheap labour offered by those who "want a little extra money."

Respectfully I suggest to the Women's Freedom League that it would do a w service if it set out to slay the "pin-mo woman, the woman who takes small "because I need not really work but w earn a little"—the worst enemy o zealous, honest working girl who is depe on her own efforts living.

And when the ladi the Freedom League accomplished this might turn their att to some of the dr shops which they pat where "things a cheap, it is a wonde can be sold at the and inquire how gir live and dress on the paid at many of frippery-providing lishments?

Though I am all equality of the sex hope some day the who assert that men started a war against for no other reason that they are wome who are convinced right will not rule until women are t the same as men, will tell me exactly they mean by equality.

I do not suppose they mean women be professional soldiers or seamen or e drivers or colliers or undertake labour constantly exposes them to cold an weather. I suppose what they m equality before the law.

That the same law in regard to d should apply to men as to women?

That the law should see to it won not work longer hours than men and receive exactly the same pay for th work? Yes.

But if a man passes through the Court he has to pay the aggrieve alimony. Is it proposed, in the inte equality, that when a woman sins sh pay money to the injured husband?

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Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

And when the ladies of the Freedom League have accomplished this they might turn their attention to some of the drapers' shops which they patronise, where "things are so cheap, it is a wonder they can be sold at the price," and inquire how girls can live and dress on the wages paid at many of these frippery-providing establishments?

Though I am all for the equality of the sexes, I hope some day the ladies who assert that men have started a war against them, for no other reason than that they are women, and who are convinced that right will not rule until women are treated the same as men, will tell me exactly what they mean by equality.

I do not suppose they mean women should be professional soldiers or seamen or engine-drivers or colliers or undertake labour which constantly exposes them to cold and wild weather. I suppose what they mean is equality before the law.

That the same law in regard to divorce should apply to men as to women? Yes.

That the law should see to it women do not work longer hours than men and should receive exactly the same pay for the same work? Yes.

But if a man passes through the Divorce Court he has to pay the aggrieved wife alimony. Is it proposed, in the interests of equality, that when a woman sins she shall pay money to the injured husband?

A man is responsible before the law for the care and well-being of wife and children. Are we to understand that when a man goes hungry because of the neglect of his wife, she shall be prosecuted?

A man is responsible before the law for the debts of his wife. Do the ladies argue that if a man is extravagant and reckless, creditors can call upon the wife to pay his debts out of her private income?

A whole load of responsibilities are piled on the shoulders of the man from which the woman is relieved. When a woman commits a crime in co-operation with her husband she can be saved from prison by pleading that she acted under the coercion of the man.

I KNOW all about the special cares and trials of women—child bearing, unpaid housekeeping, dependence on men for whom they have lost esteem—but, looking at the broad situation, wanting to be fair to both sides, recognising that in itself sex should be no disqualification, that the law should display no preference to men, the question arises: Do women, when they talk about equality, really mean they should carry the same obligations and responsibilities as men?

I hate as much as anyone the slobbery talk of those who "like a woman to be womanly." Behind that platitude is a namby-pamby sentiment. We cannot, nor should we, ignore the calls of sex. I believe that women are as good to-day as ever they were; but they are more frank than they were, and Victorian females interpret this wrongly. The thing to be striven for is a better comradeship, palship, between the sexes.

YET there is the anomaly, almost the phenomenon, that to-day, when so many barriers have been removed, when women enter the professions of law and medicine, when they are proving themselves skilled in crafts, when they are engaged in banks and show efficiency as clerks the cry goes up, louder than ever, that men are suspicious of them, that the trade unions have become callous of their interests and are even in opposition to their employment, that they are "persecuted and victimised."

In business, men are in constant war with one another. When women cry, "We are as good as you and insist on being treated on level terms," they should not squeal if men treat them as they treat male competitors.

There is no evidence men resist women simply because they are women. There is abundant evidence that men are the best friends of women. They are beginning to fight them, first because it is customary to fight those who oppose them, and secondly because there is a deep belief that women do not really stand by their class, but are constantly striving for individual advantage.

If men are wrong in this belief it will be quite easy for women by demonstration to show it is so, and thus scotch the antagonism of the sexes in the industrial world.

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"DAMFOOL" POLITICS

by HAROLD OWEN

A FEW days ago the news came that the Supreme Court of the U.S.A. had ruled that even foreign ships must not enter the three-mile sea-zone of the Land of Liberty's territorial rights with even a bottle of "liquor" on board. Thereupon, consternation in the headlines and fervent protests in the leading articles of the British Press. "A Bombshell!" shrieks one headline, and "What Can Be Done?" ask half a dozen anxious editors.

Many things. If Love can laugh at locksmiths, rest assured that thirsty men (the most virile members of the human race) will find ways and means to checkmate the insensate idiocy which tries to make even the sea "dry."

But the evasions and counteractives need not interest us half so much as the beneficent side of this "supreme court" folly. Personally (seeing no immediate fear of having to go to America) I rejoice at this "supreme" example of what modern political progress means. In no human activity is there so much sheer "damfoolery" as in modern politics, and we find out our mistakes by making them first. Hence the value of an example which shows us what comes of States not minding their own business, and of a warning to those whose sole idea of political progress is to see us all cramped in the "State jacket," with mankind turned into mechanical Robots.

Perhaps even they will now begin to see that new-fashioned Liberty is very like old-fashioned Tyranny. Perhaps they may even begin to discern the deep human truth in the old individualistic idea that Governments should do no more than protect us from enemies without and wrongdoers within, and interfere as little—and not as much—as possible with the divine responsibility of human beings to get through life in their own way.

The Americans, too, will learn that lesson in God's good time in "God's own country." Four years ago, in one of the first criticisms made of the accomplished fact of Prohibition, when we were so newly bewildered by it that we didn't know whether to laugh or cry, I ventured to say that it would collapse in America for one reason alone: that it would be found to turn the whole idea of Law into contempt, and to make even the most law-abiding citizen a rebel. It has done that and much more—corrupted the entire police force, divided the nation into equal halves of pimps and bootleggers, and manufactured dope fiends by the thousand. Before the course of its damfoolery has run it may even lead to another Civil War.

Meanwhile, let us here be humbly grateful that America is furnishing us with one example, as Russia has furnished us with another, of "how not to do it." But we all get the government we deserve; and a people which will allow armed policemen to find out what is on the supper table—well, I quite agree that good drink is too good for them.

But I wonder what sort of an idea the Americans have of international good manners in thus ordering the ships of other nations to pour their wine into the scuppers as soon as they catch sight of the Statue of Liberty? To me the vulgarity of the whole thing is even more appalling than its harsh and doubtful legality.

Super Swindlers of the Turf

HONEST men, especially betting men, will obtain a considerable amount of satisfaction from the following article which reveals how the scheme of three twisting bookmakers and their wily assistant, Pat Barrie, was ruined by an outsider.

By PAT BARRIE—Master Horse Faker

I HAVE made Gilbert Marsh one of the principal figures in the "arrangement" of the swindles which I have described. But Marsh in those days was perpetually broke, and the three leading conspirators, who approved of my plans and provided me with the money, were three bookmakers whose names were household words in the sporting world, who were prominent members of Tattersalls, and who are now dead.

I don't say they are dead in order to shield them. Everybody in Tattersalls knows that one of these was killed by the worry of my Old Bailey case, and the fear that his part was going to come out in court and that he would be prosecuted. Ask any regular racegoer the name of this man and he will tell you without hesitation.

The second, one of the kindest and one of the most uncouth savages I have ever met, died a short time ago.

The first time I met the leader of this little gang was when I was sent for to "ring in" a horse at a small meeting in England, and here began an acquaintance which brought me a little money and brought him a fortune.

* * *

IT was in the year 1918. The war was coming to an end, and I, who had been discharged from the Army, was rushing around, trying to make a little bit. There wasn't much money about.

Whichever way we worked we found money hard to get, and as things were not going too well with the three bookmakers, they decided to bring off a little ramp in Ireland.

I was sent for and told what was required. As soon as I learnt what the idea was, I gave them a plan.

"There's a race closing to-morrow," I said, "the Service Plate at the Curragh, to be ridden by officers—"

"That won't do," interrupted the master. "When I've got my money down, I want the best jockey I can get."

"Never mind about what you want," I said. "It's what I want! If you're going to ring in a horse, let him be in a race where there will be no squeak. It's the very best race of the time, because nobody will suspect an officer of riding a dyed horse."

In the end they let me have my way. And now we come to the question of what horse should be used for the ringing in purpose. The entry I made immediately: there appeared a new animal in training—The Major, a brown colt by Wavelet's Pride, dam by Hackler. Now who should The Major be? There were a number of horses available, but the animal I decided upon was Chinaman; and the purchase of this horse was a delicate business, because he was the property of Douglas Stuart, a very shrewd man, and, in fact, the one man of all others in England who would smell something crooked in the air and squash any transaction he had with us.

"One of you fellows had better see Stuart and buy the horse," I said, and named the price. "And you'd better be very careful, because, if Duggie smells a swindle, you haven't the ghost of a chance of getting Chinaman."

* * *

I DON'T think we ever took so much trouble in the buying of a horse as we did over Chinaman. At last we had the animal in our stable. There wasn't a better horse in England for our purpose. Chinaman was a consistent performer, who had won a good race at Newmarket, beating Viking, Blue Danube, Bridge of Marne and Haki, who afterwards won a nice race at Ascot. He had gone into Hyams' stable and had run third to a good performer like Greek Scholar, having St. Eloi behind him. He was a bay son of Santoi, a glutton for distance, and an ideal horse for an amateur to ride.

In those days it was possible to bet very heavily, not only on the course, —for Ireland was full of money— but in the S.P. offices of England.

I took Chinaman to Ireland in the guise of a hack, and not a soul was wiser. Just before I left England I saw the master.

"We are going to have a lot of money on this horse, and if you shop us look out for trouble," he said.

Why he should imagine I would shop or double-cross him I don't know, but all three seemed to be labouring under some suspicion of my "honesty."

* * *

MOST bookmakers have business relationships with others. The big men have lists of hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of little men, amongst whom they can divide a bad wager at S.P., and these three fellows had therefore all the machinery for pulling off an enormous coup. They say that dog doesn't eat dog. Well, bookmakers eat bookmakers and grow fat on it!

The organisation at the English end was perfect. On the day of the race there would hardly be a bookmaker in England and Scotland who was not "stuck" with a loss over The Major. Trusted agents would appear as if by magic at almost every big post office; fifty wires would be handed in and timed simultaneously; and before the telegrams could reach their destination the race would be over and the money won.

That was their end of the business and I must say they did it remarkably well. My end was to find the winner, and I thought with confidence that in Chinaman I had something which would give a stone and a beating to the best horse in the race.

* * *

I DYED Chinaman a rich deep brown, altered his mane, changed the appearance of his tail, and one morning he appeared on the Curragh training-ground and went a good gallop with a stable boy up.

The best rider available for my purpose was Mr. Straker, a young officer who had shown marked ability on the flat and over jumps; and I approached him through my agent. Without knowing of our trick of course he readily accepted the ride.

On the morning of the race I sat down to study the entries, which included one horse which has since earned fame over a country—Gerald L. Gerald L. was then a four-year-old and a nice make of horse, and probably very few of us realised that this horse would one day win a Grand National—as I am sure he will.

* * *

MY masters did not leave me entirely to my own devices. One of the three had come over with me to do the betting on the course, and to be absolutely certain that there was no jiggery-pokery, though they might have saved themselves the trouble.

However, I did not resent this, because I expect suspicion and accept it as part of the daily routine. But a curious thing happened as we were on our way to the course. As I came out of my hotel, a miserable, ragged-looking man edged up to me and whispered, in the rich Irish brogue:

"Mr. Barrie, I've got a winner for you."

"What race is it running in?" said I, slipping him half-a-crown.

"It runs in the Service Plate."

I didn't "bat a lid." I knew the winner of the Service Plate, I thought.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Kilnford. The boy that looks after him tells me he can't be beaten."

What a precious half-a-crown's worth of information I received! But I didn't know that at the time.

Arrived on the course, I saw Mr. Straker in the paddock and took him on one side.

"This horse," said I, "is a natural stayer. You can wait with him, and then come away in the last half mile and win your race comfortably. Remember," I said warningly, "this is not a sprint, but a race over two and a half miles!"

Captain Straker had no more idea than the man in the moon that he was going up on a faked horse. To him, The Major was just a maiden horse that had never won a race, and I don't think he had very much hope that he would be successful. And he wasn't to be blamed. Owners and trainers often take an exaggerated view of the merits of their horses, and give strings of instructions which no jockey can carry out. In those circumstances, a jockey says to himself: "I'm on a moderate horse. I'll have to ride him as I feel him. I am not going to take much notice of what owners and trainers tell me."

* * *

THE Major opened at an outside price, and it was not until the market was made that my local boss stepped in and began to back the horse steadily, going from bookmaker to bookmaker and planting it on as though there was no settling day. I warned him that, although The Major was as near a certainty as could be, it wasn't a three-year-old running as a two-year-old race, but a fairly good handicapper running against other handicappers which we hoped were moderate. And of course the distance of the race was phenomenal. The Chinaman had never run over two and a half miles in public. In fact, the only race of that distance on the flat, so far as I can recall, is a race at Ascot, two miles and six furlongs.

However, the madness of betting was on him, and he wouldn't check his speculations by a penny. The race started, and almost immediately Mr. Straker took The Major to the head of affairs. He was going so well, when they came at last into the straight, that even money was refused in Tattersalls. I, who knew something of Chinaman's temperament, knew also that the race was lost. At the distance he was tackled simultaneously by three horses, and immediately faded out of the picture.

The race was won by Kilnford—my half-a-crown tip! The Major finished nearer last than first.

* * *

I AM a philosopher, and when a horse lets me down, I can take my medicine without squealing. But oh, what a scream came from England! I had robbed these honest gentlemen, I had double-crossed and shopped them, I was in league with the trainer of the winner, I had been got at—heaven knows what sins I had not committed.

They were finished with me for ever! Later, they had reason to change their minds, and I was called in by one of them to nobble a Derby favourite—the story of which I will leave for a later date.

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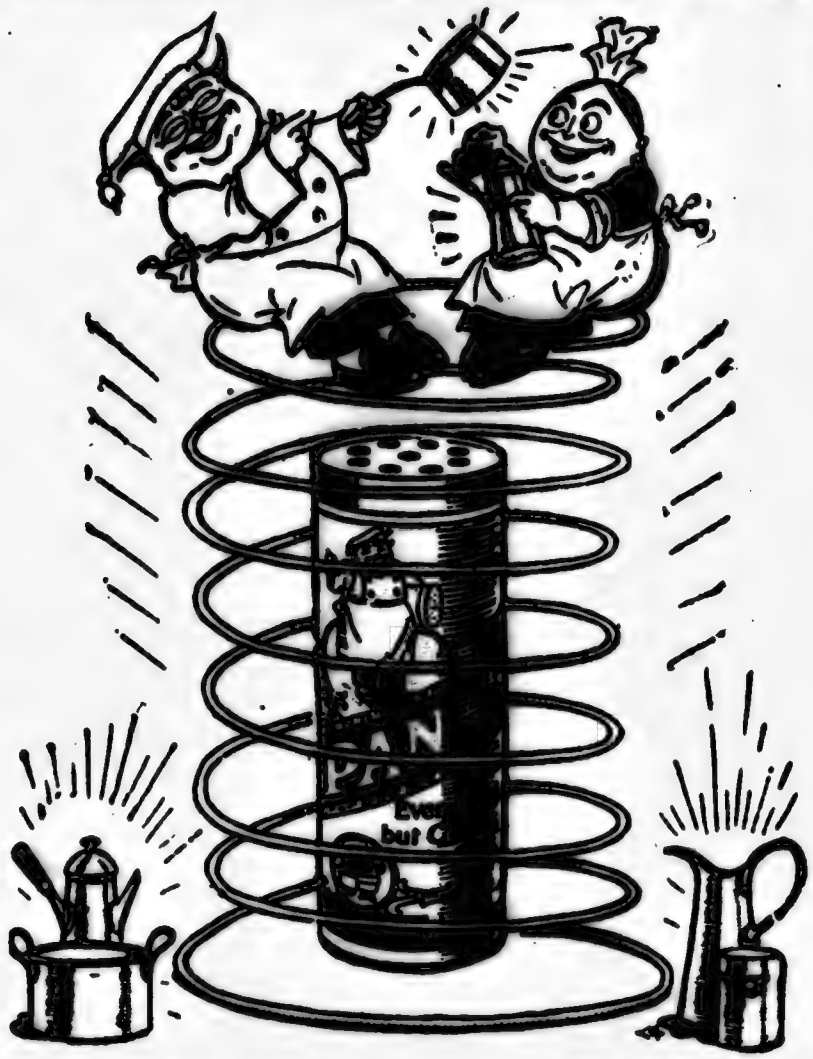

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Pa 119—148

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

The Wembley Washout

by HARRISON OWEN

CHARGES of neglecting their duty in a manner calculated to cause a breach of the peace were brought against Sir Travers Clarke, Deputy-Chairman of the British Empire Exhibition; Ulick F. Wintour, Chief Executive Officer; and F. J. Wall, Secretary of the Football Association. The three pleaded "Not guilty."

Outlining the case for the public, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that as the jury was probably aware, a football—or, more appropriately, a footbrawl—match took place recently at Wembley Park Stadium and, encouraged by much preliminary boosting, 300,000 football enthusiasts sought to attend it.

"Of this number," proceeded Mr. Watchdog, "about 200,000 were permitted to squeeze into a space intended to accommodate 127,000, while thousands of others were left to contemplate the blank outer walls of the Stadium and the gaunt girders and stacks of timber which, if the authorities have a lot of luck, may be fashioned into stalls and pavilions by the promised opening date of the British Empire Exhibition. Of course there were exciting scenes, but good temper averted the worst consequences of bad management. For this the Wembley authorities should thank their lucky stars rather than the 'stars' of their executive. Even, as it was, a thousand ambulance cases were dealt with."

"IT is for the jury to fix the responsibility for all of this," said Mr. Watchdog. "The accused, Wall, has gone so far as to express regret for the 'inconvenience' caused, while Clarke—who witnessed the game from the comfort of the Royal Box—has spoken of the whole affair as the jolliest outing imaginable! So far we have not been favoured with the Wintour's tale, but a policy of masterly silence cannot absolve the chief executive officer of the British Empire Exhibition from his share of responsibility. He is the gentleman who pooh-poohed the suggestion, made some time ago, that, at the then rate of progress, Wembley Park wouldn't be ready in time for the Exhibition, yet it is now suggested by Sir Henry M'Mahon, that the barriers and fences around the Stadium were 'temporary, more or less,' except at the south-west gate; so seemingly the charges of procrastination were not without justification."

Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, said that neither the Stadium authorities nor the Football Association had anticipated such an enormous crowd. Nobody was to blame for what had happened, and it was a scandal that these charges should have been brought.

The jury found all three prisoners "Guilty."

"It is all very well," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "for counsel for the defence to suggest that it is a scandal that these charges should have been brought, but I say that the scandal is that it should have been necessary to bring them. In fact, many who saw, or tried to see, the Cup Final, hold the view that, in the circumstances, the game wasn't worth the scandal. What the officials in charge appear to have ignored is that 95,000 seats were booked, leaving only 32,000 for the general public.

"Having regard to these facts, I cannot do less than make the prisoners jointly responsible for compensating the injured, refunding money—including travelling expenses—paid by disappointed purchasers of reserved seats, and providing substantial guarantees against a repetition of the fiasco. At least, the prisoner who has for so long been the Wintour of our discontent, will have no difficulty in complying with these conditions, for I am informed that he is in receipt of a yearly salary of £3,000, and an entertainment allowance of £2,000."

BETTING AND BATHOS

Layers of Odds—and Oddities

by ALAN WATERS

WHEN those whom the saints look upon as sinners (or thereabouts) and those whom the sinners regard as saints (more or less) are allied in opposition to a proposal, the ordinary man or bloke (who doesn't specialise either in saintliness or sinfulness) is apt to suspect that the said proposal must have unusual merits. If I required anything to convince me of the desirability of a tax on bets, the inspiring spectacle of Isaac MacShortodds and the Rev. Ebenezer Wowser standing shoulder to shoulder in opposition thereto would do the trick.

The appointment of a select committee to inquire into this matter has called forth a fresh fusillade of indignant snorts and shocked protests from both quarters. On the one hand we have Moses MacShortodds declaring that the suggested tax would so reduce the volume of betting that he would be unable to keep his children in bread or the wife of his bosom (not to mention his favourite barmaid) in diamonds; while, on the other hand, the Rev. Jeremiah Killjoy asseverates that, by imposing the tax, the Government would be "encouraging" betting and we would become a nation of confirmed gamblers.

IF the ordinary citizen is wise he will receive the protestations of both parties with several bushels of salt. Of the two, the attitude of Mr. MacShortodds is the more easily understandable. Mr. MacShortodds is a business man (if you don't believe me, ask him for 20 to 1 against the favourite and then listen to what he says) and, naturally, he wants to carry on his business with as little outside interference as possible.

AT present MacShortodds is in the unique position of conducting a luxury business that is not taxed. The man whose hobby is theatre-going, visiting football matches, or attending improving lectures on the Einstein theory; the person whose pastime is looking upon the wine when it is red, or the beer when it is brown; the burgher who consumes petrol, smokes tobacco, or takes sugar with his tea—all these and many others, have to make special contributions to the exchequer; but the man whose hobby is betting, escapes scot free. So, too, does the bookmaker, who—unlike street hawkers, motorists, owners of dogs, taxi-drivers, and listeners-in—does not even fork out a licence fee. Now, it has been suggested that he should contribute his fair share toward something equivalent to the Entertainment Tax, the voice of Abraham MacShortodds is raised to high heaven like that of some strong swimmer in his agony.

WHILE refusing to be impressed by the wail of the bookie, I can at least appreciate his reason for wailing; but when I harken to the ululations of the Truly and Horribly Good, I am all at sea. How in the name of all that is sensible (as opposed to ecclesiastical) can one "encourage" gambling by taxing it? If there is anything in this "argument," quite a number of eminent churchmen have been busily engaged for years in "encouraging" the drink traffic. Do reverend gentlemen seriously believe that if everybody who put sixpence sterling in the collection-plate were compelled to add a penny or tuppence by way of entertainment tax, thousands who now rarely enter a tabernacle would become confirmed churchgoers? If they hold this view, how is it that no parson has yet advocated a pulpit tax as a means of "encouraging" churchgoing?

THE plain truth is that a reasonable tax on bets would neither encourage nor discourage betting. I visited scores of race meetings in Australia, both before and after the introduction of a betting-tax, and the tax did not affect the volume of business one way or the other. It did not even affect the length of the odds—they remained just as short as they had always been. All that happened was that each individual bookmaker had a trifle less to spend on champagne and the State received a big addition to the revenue. So, too, would the British Treasury. In fact, if the Government went the complete hog by conducting State lotteries and legalising the totalisator (as some Australian States have done), it would soon be able to effect a very substantial reduction in the National Debt. But I don't doubt that some parson would rise to complain that, by reducing the National Debt, the Government was "encouraging" bigamy or something of the kind!

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DAILY NEWS":—"They were packed so closely that you COULD SEE ONLY THEIR FACES AND THEIR HATS, and you COULD NOT SEE EVEN THESE."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"Secker DID NOT MOVE. Instead, HE CAUGHT HER SUDDENLY, PINNING HER ARMS TO HER SIDE."

"SUNDAY COMPANION": — "Glyn Powys HEARD the sharp pulling at the pipe, THE AGITATED TWITCHING OF HIS SON'S PALE FEATURES, and suddenly he gauged something was wrong."

"YORKSHIRE POST":—"The Scarborough steam trawler *Esmeralda* yesterday landed a Royal SURGEON about 9 ft. in length."

"COATBRIDGE EXPRESS" (advertisement):—"For Sale, TWO LARGE Oak Sideboards—ONE LARGE AND ONE SMALL."

"ANSWERS":—"'For myself I'm sorry,' HE SAID, BETWEEN TIGHTLY COMPRESSED LIPS."

"LLOYD'S NEWS":—"The Rouen . . . is AS LARGE AS THE AYLESBURY. . . . The Rouen does not lay so many eggs as the Aylesbury, NEITHER ARE THE BIRDS SO LARGE."

"WISBECH ADVERTISER":—"HISTON RUFUS WENT to the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ward FOR 170 GUINEAS, and the rest, not counting HISTON RUFUS, WHICH WENT FOR 300 GUINEAS, average over 36 guineas."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"The clouds raced across the heavens in a SEA OF FLAME AND THUNDER."

"SOMERSET GUARDIAN": — "Mrs. ——— WAS KILLED in a motor-lorry accident yesterday . . . and IS DOING VERY WELL."

"SMART NOVELS": — "Her PALE CHEEKS were ROSE RED."

"ROSS-SHIRE JOURNAL" (advertisement):—"We still offer £100 stg. to any person who can prove we ever KILLED FOR CONSUMPTION a Bull, a Cow, a Tup, a Ewe, a BOER or a Sow."

"CHIPS":—"They . . . promised TO CALL FOR EACH OTHER in the morning."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—"Grass courts . . . will be opened at 10 P.M. and closed at 9 p.m."

"DAILY SKETCH": "Poor Mollie FELL TO HER FEET with her arms around my knees."

"SUNDAY SPORTSMAN": — "Parth, since HER clever victory at Newbury, has been kept nicely on the go and will take all the beating the best can give HIM."

"BLUE BIRD":—"Mr. Hunter . . . DROPPED HIS HEAD ON THE BUTT OF THE LONG REVOLVER that hung in a holster BY HIS SIDE."

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

"MY friend and I are employed at the same works, and lately we have been thrown very much in the company of our employer, a married man of middle-age. A fortnight ago he began to make love to me, and has acted in this manner every day since, until I dread going to work. I have never given him any cause for his behaviour. It appears he has treated my friend in exactly the same manner. We cannot tell him what we think of him, for he is our employer, and work is so hard to get, although we never feel safe. What would you advise us to do? We have told no one, not even our parents."

Employer's Unwelcome Attention.

"Humanist" says: *Tell your father all about it. A course of action may suggest itself to him which would, at any rate, teach this blackguard a salutary lesson. If his attentions do not cease, I see nothing else for it but to change your employer.*

"WHEN I was a boy of 11, my mother, who was a widow, ran away, leaving myself and a sister aged 8, stranded in a town where we were entire strangers. We were eventually picked up by the police and put into the workhouse, where we stayed for six years. On coming of age, my sister married, and is now perfectly happy. I joined the Army in 1907, and served throughout the late war.

Should a Son Forgive?

"I have since learned that my mother has married again. After my discharge in 1919, I myself married and have two bonny children. Now, after all these years, my mother writes and begs forgiveness, also insulting my wife and her family because I will not have anything to do with her. What should I do? She even wants to come and stay with me. Should I forgive her after the way she has treated me?"

"Humanist" says: *Your first duty is to your wife and children, and I do not think you would be promoting their happiness if you agreed to your mother staying with you. Her claim upon you does not seem to be very well founded, and unless she is in actual want, I think the wiser course is to remain apart.*

"TWENTY years ago I married a man at Wakefield, by whom I had four children. From my early marriage he behaved to me like a brute, for he beat me and was drunk almost every day. After six years of a life that was a hell on earth to me, he left me and the children for another woman.

Tragedy Upon Tragedy.

"For two years I struggled to keep my children, but two died. Then I met a man who said he loved me, and persuaded me to go and live with him as his wife. For fifteen years I lived with him and he was all in all to me. He died, and the shock has completely ruined my health. I could no longer work, so I drew parish relief for myself and son.

"Now some kind person has informed the Guardians that I am not a proper widow, so my money has been stopped. They threaten to make me repay all I have had from them, about £120."

"Humanist" says:—*Yours is typical of many tragic cases that come to me. I will send your name to the "Greatest of These" Fund.*

"I HAVE a brother who, long before the late war, was well known locally to hold Quaker views. Owing to his having decided, on principle, not to appear before the local tribunal, he lost his civil occupation, and afterwards had great trouble to avoid military service. Long before the war ended, his savings were exhausted, and he became dependent on my mother, and has been so ever since.

The Queer Quaker.

"It is not that he won't work; he is clever and well-read; but he has the strange idea that he is to be 'called' to a certain kind of work in a certain part of the country. He has become a terrible anxiety to all the family, throwing away his life, waiting for that 'call,' spending his life indoors and gradually becoming a physical wreck. Our trouble is to know what to do about him."

"Humanist" says: *This is obviously a case of mental instability. Consult an alienist.*

"I HAVE a sister about 38 years of age who married a man about 13 years ago. They were never happy, and he deserted her several times, she going back to him each time. By this time they had a little girl, and my sister was expecting another. Knowing this, he disappeared again, and she has not seen him since. She returned home when the child was born.

A Wife's Bigamy.

"Eventually my sister obtained employment, and struggled, with mother's assistance, to support the two kiddies and herself. Then she met a soldier, and some time later they were married—not, however, before telling him the truth. He is a good husband and very fond of her kiddies, but she has been worried to death ever since—afraid to seek legal advice in case she exposes herself, and worse still, she has been told her husband has been seen in a town not far distant."

"Humanist" says: *Unless the real husband lodges a complaint, which seems unlikely, there is little fear of trouble arising if your sister is discreet.*

"MY dilemma is a very old, but nevertheless a very real one. I have been married for twelve years, and my wife and I are very fond of each other. Ever since our marriage we have been accustomed to seeing a great deal of a young lady friend of mine, whom I have known since childhood.

Platonic Friendship Dangers.

"I have always regarded her as a sister, and have thought nothing of taking her to theatres, dances, etc., with, of course, the full cognisance of my wife, who is, I may say, practically tied at home on account of our four little ones.

"The relationship between this young lady and myself is, and always has been, of a purely platonic nature. Lately, however, my wife has begun to grow irritated at, and even suspicious of, my spending so much time with this girl, and it is causing me a great deal of concern, as I think very highly of the latter, and should hate to terminate our friendship. What advice can you give me?"

"Humanist" says: *If your friendship with this girl involves your taking her to theatres, etc., leaving your wife alone at home, she has good grounds for complaint. Your plain duty is to sacrifice, or at least to restrict, this acquaintance. Platonic friendships are one of the many shoals upon which marriages are wrecked.*

"I AM the son of wealthy parents, my father having made a fortune during the war. Naturally, I have had the best possible education, having passed through a public school and university, during the course of which training I have acquired tastes which are quite incomprehensible to my father.

Wealth or Literature.

"He expects me, as a matter of course, to go into his business (he is a manufacturer), which is altogether repugnant to me. All my instincts are towards literature, and I feel that I can make my living by my pen. In any case, I would rather eke out a bare existence that way than endure a prosperous boredom in business.

"My father, however, declares that he will have nothing more to do with me if I do not meet his wishes. What is Humanist's advice? I may say that, whatever it is, I am determined to take up a literary career."

"Humanist" says: *In view of your last sentence, my advice seems unnecessary. There is a middle course, however, and I advise its adoption. Be content for a while to devote yourself to your father's business, giving your spare time to your literary activities. In this way you will learn whether or not you can support yourself by writing, and if so, go ahead. I do not agree with uncongenial labour being forced upon anyone.*

"JOHN BULL" said:
"Duggie has cut the 'catch' out of racing." (28/4/23.)

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Sports and by ROWLEY

A SURVEY OF THE JUBILEE HANDICAP—THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS—THE LEGALITY BLUNDER.

BLANDFORD is out of the Jubilee. He has been a very difficult horse to train and I presume that Mr. Dawson is working, now with an eye to Ascot and his valuable engagements at that meeting. The tips I have for the Jubilee are St. Louis, Psychology, Erehwemos, Spike Island, Condover, Evander and Simon Pure.

Soubriquet.

I do not know at the moment whether or not Soubriquet runs in the Jubilee, but, if she does, I should not oppose her because, obviously, she is a better animal on the Kempton track than she is at Epsom. But if she tails herself off in the first part of the Epsom race, why should she go to the head of affairs at Kempton—and the horse has to have the initial speed to be within striking distance at the bend or it has no chance in the Jubilee. This race is usually won by an animal that makes most of the running or is with the leading bunch.

One must pass over Soubriquet because it seems impossible that she can develop in a fortnight an essential and vital quality which she has apparently lost—the ability to jump off and hold her place in the front rank during the initial stages of a race.

Not Condover.

Psychology, on whom I was sweet, cannot (I am told on excellent authority) last out the distance. I accept this view, but I've backed him.

* * *

I will have neither Condover nor Eglehawk, but Simon Pure and St. Louis are two which, with Corcyrian, hold my eye. Corcyrian meets Soubriquet on 1 lb. better terms—they practically deadheated for sixth place behind Dry Toast—than in the City. I think that Soubriquet must beat Persse's horse wherever they finish. Erehwemos will, I think, have run at Hurst Park before this is in print (unless Persse goes for the race with Mousetrap), but if Corcyrian runs instead, then Erehwemos will be more likely to beat Sir Edward Hulton's filly than his stable companion.

A Handicap.

Simon Pure beat Torelore and Blue Lady very easily last back end, but his true form in my judgment, was his second to Selene, who, in receipt of 3 lbs. (sex allowance) beat him 3 lengths with Captain Fracasse (level) ¾ length away third. The distance (1m.5f.) was a little more than Simon Pure cares for. Handicapping through Selene, you get the following weights for the Jubilee:

Spike Island	9.1
(Selene)	8.12
Pondoland	8.9
Simon Pure	8.6
Poisoned Arrow	8.6
St. Louis	8.6
(Capt. Fracasse) ..	8.4
Corcyrian	8.0

(Horses in brackets are not in the Jubilee).

In this handicap, however, you must take in Spike Island, and you take him in on his running in the Paradise Stakes at Hurst Park. Giving 17 lbs. to Captain Fracasse, he was beaten 2 lengths, so you must put Spike Island in the Jubilee at 11 lbs. above the Captain—9.1. The actual weight given to Spike Island is 8.4!

A Line Through Poisoned Arrow.

Soubriquet and Captain Fracasse are about the same animal on their spring running. Soubriquet gave 9 lbs. to Poisoned Arrow and a 5 lb. beating (in the Duke of York Handicap) and that would put her on the 9.6 mark, but Poisoned Arrow's running in that race can be ignored, for when the two met in the Cambridgeshire, Soubriquet (8.7) got a good 21 lb. beating from the Arrow (7.5) and it is fair to estimate them on the same mark.

St. Louis.

Gilpin has also St. Louis in the race, and we would find no difficulty in bringing Lord Queenborough's horse into line. He finished neck and neck with Simon Pure in the Derby. I take no notice of his Guineas win, because he beat a rotten lot of horses with the exception of Captain Cuttle, who was stopped by the going, and Pondoland, who won the Newmarket Stakes from Bohanob and the eased Captain Fracasse. Therefore, we put Pondoland at 5 lbs. above Captain Fracasse. We are taking a lot on trust. Certainly we are not underestimating his ability.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

GOODWOOD (Wednesday).

2.0 Hindi.
2.30 Damar (Z.Z., Overslade).
3.15 Irish Belfry°° (Chivalrous, Silurian).
3.50 Lemonade Light (Sixty-four, Wee Mon).
4.20 Farndon Bridge (Mermaid, Hard Battle).
4.50 Attroval (Idumea, Lady Clara).
5.20 Thistle Glen.

GOODWOOD (Thursday).

1.0 Cashee (Bailey's Selected).
1.30 Certosa (Marcia, Soval).
2.0 Fort Royal (Silver Band, Ballyrag).
2.30 Hoakite (Friar, Roger de Busli).
3.0 Mousetrap (Vermeer, Bart Snowball).
3.30 Grand Rebel (Chronometer).

KEMPTON PARK (Friday).

2.0 Golly Eyes° (Portlight, Telepathy).
2.30 Gypsy (Fair Nun f., Billy Beck).
3.10 Prestonsprings (Grosvenor Light, Westmead).
3.45 Amadeus Boy°° (Eagerford, Irette).
4.15 Dareness in Fleche f. (Back Stair, Cloth of Gold).
4.45 Desire (Bowood, Arlavon).

KEMPTON PARK (Saturday).

2.0 Royal Hussar (Damar).
2.30 Billy Beck (Breeze, Orbite).
3.20 Spike Island (Soubriquet, Express Delivery).
4.0 Fernley (Golly Eyes, Nymphida).
4.30 Greek Bachelor (Flammette, Legend).
5.0 Limosin (Joss House, Precious).

HAYDOCK PARK (Friday).

2.0 Lieutenant (Gold Willow, Golden Mesh).
2.30 Glenbelicon (Bluebes).
3.0 Meldens (Sewing Machine).
3.30 Polysony (Piercing Note).
4.0 Frisky (Golden Knight, Rose Point).
4.25 My Lord (Pizarro, Shri).

HAYDOCK PARK (Saturday)

1.45 Cloth of Gold (Caligraphy).
2.15 Blacum (Nail).
2.45 Lightborne (Carbonaro, Montcalm).
3.15 Argent (Glenbelicon).
3.45 King Willow (The Prude's Fall, Battery Smoke).
4.10 Sir Greysteel (Silver Band).

The rough result of our calculations is to put Spike Island into the Jubilee with about 11 lbs. the best of the weights, and Pondoland with 4 lbs. the best, and Corcyrian with 3 lbs. the worst. I'm not worrying about Condover. He never beat a good horse in his life, and he is not likely to start winning in the Jubilee. The training reports tell me nothing either about Spike Island or St. Louis, but I assume that they are in training somewhere, and since it is better to give a non-runner than a loser, I take

SPIKE ISLAND

to represent me, and mark Soubriquet and Pondoland as the dangers.

The Chester Cup.

The Chester Cup is one of those peculiar races which so often confound the prophet. Personally, I think that any man who has a bet at Chester, unless he is on the spot to see the draw, is several kinds of a mug. But there is no doubt that Chivalrous and Irish Belfry are very greatly fancied for this race. Irish Belfry has been going great guns in her gallops, and nothing can live with her in Colling's stable; and whilst I expect to see Chivalrous run well, I give a very confident vote to Irish Belfry.

My Competition.

Somebody asks me to announce the winner of last week in this week's issue. Impossible. 800,000 copies of JOHN BULL have to be printed, and we must start early.

A Judge.

I have already said that Judge Robinson is not up to his job, and I very regretfully repeat that statement. I had occasion last year to call into question the judge's placings in a race (I think at Folkestone), and ever since, whenever he has officiated, something has gone wrong. At Newbury he gave a horse as winning by 3 lengths who in reality won by 15 lengths. At Newmarket a horse that won by at least six lengths was described as having won by two. A horse that won at Epsom by a length and a half was signalled as having won by a neck.

The Legality Scandal.

And now we have this Legality scandal—for scandal it was to return a horse second that was nearer tenth. The excuse that he mistook the colours is absurd. Knockando was not obscured by another horse. It was on the judge's side. His colours are white, black belt, red cap. Legality's are white, black hooped sleeves, yellow cap. But what made his decision so amazing was the fact that Legality is a white horse—the only white horse in the field!

The judge may be an excellent fellow, but he is a bad judge, and the confidence of the racing public is very considerably shaken. From now on, every close decision will be questioned by the public, and in my opinion that isn't good for the sport.

Pharos.

I have always had a good word to say for Pharos, and from what I have seen of him this week, I am inclined to think that Lord Derby has a real good colt, and, in the language of the gentlemen who compile the training reports for our leading sporting dailies, he'll beat more than

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Sportsmen MILE

HOW THEY RAN IN "THE GUINEAS"—HORSES TO NOTE.—A BOXING CARNIVAL.

beats him in the Derby. I simply dare not suggest that he will win, just now my luck is a little bit out, although (this by the way) I have twice in the last fortnight succeeded in picking out the first three to finish in a race. The critics tell me that Pharos will not stay. Well, staying is a relative term, and a horse that can stay across the Flat can certainly stay the Derby course, and if he runs in the Derby he will not run unbacked so far as I am concerned. It would be the grandest result from the point of view of sport.

The Time Test.

People sneer at the time test, but I found a winner this week on that test and no other. This was Double Entendre, which won a race early in the year in a second faster time than some of the sprinters covered the five furlongs on the same day. By the time this is in print, the Victoria Cup will be all over, and I shall be curious to see how this works out in the case of Bonne Race. At the moment of writing I have had some five-and-twenty tips, including Westmead, Sicyon and Leighon Tor.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Silurian will probably be worth bearing in mind about Ascot time.

* * *

Copyright, as we suggested prior to the City and Suburban, is likely to be more at home in the Manchester Cup.

* * *

Drake, though he broke down rather badly in his trial, is not regarded as an altogether hopeless case.

* * *

Arravale is probably getting tired of racing.

* * *

Up to the present Captain Cuttle, who is moving in fine style at Beckhampton, looks like standing another preparation.

* * *

It is hoped to get another race or two out of Sorrel, who has not been seen in public since the Brighton August Meeting.

* * *

Cymruminn colt, who again at Newmarket won without an effort, is the best two-year-old that has carried silk up to the present.

* * *

Executioner will win races. But what a name for a horse!

* * *

Jack Jarvis will win some nice races at Ascot.

* * *

I don't like a certain great bookmaker's tie-pin on big race-days.

* * *

It is a tiny gold and enamel doll, and when he wears it there is always a turn up.

* * *

We look like having a lot of hard going (now watch it rain).

* * *

What Pharos for the Derby?

* * *

It is the old question all over again—what is stamina?

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. (Salop).—Any bet made after the time limit imposed by a bookmaker's rules is void.

GEORGE L. (London, S.E. 4)—A gelding is not qualified for the Derby.

TOWN GUARD (Manchester)—The trouble with Town Guard is that he will not race except on a left-handed course.

MANY—Duggan's address is: R. Duggan, Dublin. *All* communications must go there.

* * *

"The best horse in the stable is a reliable jockey," is an old saying.

* * *

Steve will have his turn.

A Tip for My Lord.

So far Mr. J. B. Joel's My Lord has not run this season, and I understand the horse will not be seen out until the Derby. The son of Sunspot is as steady as a rock in the betting, and Mr. Solly Joel is tipping his brother's horse. O'Neill, who steered Spearmint to victory at Epsom, will probably have the mount if he recovers in time from his nasty fall at the jumping game. When he tumbled recently O'Neill got concussion of the brain. Latest reports say that he is out of danger and hopes to be in the saddle again in two weeks' time.

Mr. Goculdas' Horses.

Mr. Goculdas hoped to win the Two Thousand Guineas with Parth and the One Thousand with the oddly-named Suryakumari—both trained by Crawford. His hopes were not realised, but the animals live to fight their battles again in the Derby and the Oaks. Mr. Goculdas won the St. Leger in 1920 with Caligula. He is an Indian by birth and, as his religion prohibits him leaving his native soil, he does not have the pleasure of seeing his horses first past the post in this country.

Best Thing of the Week,
GOLLY EYES
(Kempton, 2 o'clock, Friday.)

FROM MY NOTEBOOK.

The Guineas.

Paycross was the least fit of the fancied candidates, and I think he will make a much better show in the Derby.

Parth led to the bushes, and was going easy. He sweated a lot before the race, but he did this at Newbury on a bitterly cold day. I am certain that it was the hard ground that beat him—he was less than three lengths behind the winner.

Twelve Pointer was found fault with by the best judge I know as being "up in the air"—in other words, too leggy. He lost ground at the start, and was never properly balanced.

Legality showed to the bushes and looked like coming through, but faded out as soon as Donoghue pushed him. He can be made fitter.

Knockando is likely to run better in the Derby than Town Guard. This horse stays and is generous. Town Guard is a pig of a horse.

OTHER RACES.

Baroness la Fleche f. did not give a very smooth exhibition, but then William Griggs is not getting much riding practice lately.

Tanglewood: take no notice of his last running.

Polydigia should have beaten Mousetrap, but Lieutenant swerved right across the course and interfered with him badly.

Cymruminn colt has not the best of legs, and may not live up to his reputation. (What "Cymruminn" means I don't know.)

Pharos stayed a mile and a quarter in a pretty fast-run race.

HORSES TO NOTE.

King of Clubs (3 yrs.).—This colt has done well since beaten by Well Shot at Warwick, on which occasion he was not altogether disgraced. He will win a five-furlong handicap on an easy course for certain before long.

Blagueur (5 yrs.).—A bit useful last year, this horse is rapidly coming to his best, and is worth bearing in mind for races over a mile and a quarter or thereabouts.

Spearetta Colt (2 yrs.).—Although only a "plater," this youngster is a bit better than his public form would lead one to suppose, and it ought not to be difficult to place him to win a race of some sort very soon.

Mitrailleuse (3 yrs.).—Bred as she is—by Swynford out of Hair Trigger—this filly could scarcely fail to win races, and reports to hand suggest that she has come on in very nice style since her two-year-old days.

Lemnos (5 yrs.).—Few trainers possess more patience than Walters, but judging from the work he is doing, we shall not have to wait until Goodwood before seeing this horse in winning colours. He is very useful at a mile or thereabouts.

Saltash (3 yrs.).—This horse was treading on the heels of Twelve Pointer in the Two Thousand Guineas and was ultimately placed sixth. He is certain to win races for the Manton Stable.

Lighthouse (3 yrs.).—Everyone who was at Sandown could see how unlucky this colt was not to win the Esher Cup, and next time out he is likely to be a warm favourite. He should win nevertheless.

Tregenwell (4 yrs.).—This horse, which was practically left at the post alike at Lincoln and Leicester, has been going extra well of late. He should win a race shortly.

Friar (3 yrs.).—As his pedigree would suggest, this colt excels in speed rather than stamina. Kept to a distance of six furlongs he will win races.

Isle of Wight (4 yrs.).—This is one of the speediest animals in training—a fact readers will do well to bear in mind the first time he is seen out over five or six furlongs.

Murray (6 yrs.).—Although he did not distinguish himself at Epsom, this horse is by no means a back number. He can be relied upon to do his painstaking trainer a good turn in a minor handicap

A Boxing Feast.

Major Arnold Wilson's mammoth boxing programme at the Albert Hall on the 17th inst., should attract a record house. Three European championships are involved. Jack Bloomfield meets Dave Magill; Bugler Lake opposes that French terror to British boxers, Charles Ledoux, and Seaman Hall faces Harry Mason. Surely a feast for the gods! My selections for the treble are Bloomfield, Lake and Hall.

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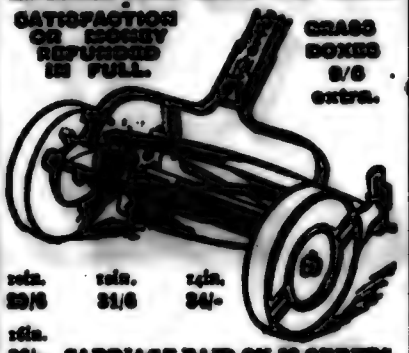

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Sex and Children.

Sexual revelation often comes to school-children in the form of rank poison, to which, though we are powerless to withhold the potion, we may administer an antidote. A thorough course of physical training under competent instructors is an effective antidote, but is one the authorities have not yet included in the curriculum. The present system should be revolutionised. Instructors should qualify for a post by examination, and their work in school should alternate between instruction in physical exercises and games, and lessons on the subject selected from the histories of athletic nations. In this manner, children being impressionable, could the seeds of healthy imagination be sown.—*H. S., Keighley.*

A Housewife's Worries.

Has it occurred to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that members of the present Government having boasted that it was the women's vote which got them into power, it is a poor show of "thanks" to forget a housewife's worries in preparing the new Budget? Surely something—indeed *much*—could have been done to reduce taxation on household necessities! If greater efforts were made to bring down the price of food, mothers of large working-class families would find life easier to live and feel grateful to the Government. With their husband's wages coming down as they are—and large numbers of husbands and sons unemployed—the worries of housekeeping could be more bravely met and coped with if we had a Government that was giving practical proof of their desire, not to help business men *only*, but to help the poorest classes in the community to eke out a trying existence.—*C. S. H., Westcliff-on-Sea.*

Buying Jobs.

I often wonder how a "Friendless" man can ever get a job. Take a large factory. Unless you have therein a father, father-in-law, brother, uncle, wife's sisters, young man, or a well beer-treated pal, the chances of getting employment seem as remote as getting a census of the planet Mars. At one works, I was told I had no chance unless I was recommended from someone inside. At another works I stood outside two hours. A man passing asked me what I was there for. "A job," I answered. He laughed and said, "Why you may stand there ten years and you won't 'click.' The office for getting a job is in the public-house smoke-room. You buy 'em." I have been unemployed now two years, an unskilled man, just a "bottom dog." I was found *much* skilled during the war. Now I am "scrapped" (not wanted).—*A. L., 1, Ranby Road, Coventry.*

Cattle-truck Tragedies.

Something should be done to improve the conditions under which cattle and sheep are taken about the country in railway trucks, and to guard them from the possibility of such undescribable suffering as many now endure. Jostled and thrown about during shunting operations on the line, they get down on the floor. Sometimes their limbs are fractured, and as they lay there unable to rise they are trampled on by other sheep or cattle. Sometimes they are smothered. Many times on long journeys cattle and sheep are not given water, nor have they any sort of attention. The conditions are both inhuman and scandalous.—*M. T. E., Blackburn.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Preventing Faked Races.

In view of your recent articles by Pat Barrie, I think it would be a good thing if something were done to prevent horse-faking in future, thereby protecting the betting community from fraud. It is apparent that thousands of backers, and not a few bookmakers, have been swindled, inasmuch as there has only been one horse in the race, viz., the faked horse. My suggestion is that every racehorse should be registered before it takes part in any race, and each one given a distinguishing mark, such as a number which could be stamped on one of the hoofs and be made permanent. In this way every runner in a race would have its number checked on weighing in.—*A. R., Goldsmith Street, Liverpool.*

Germans in Britishers' Jobs.

I wonder if it is generally known that numbers of large firms in England are continually bringing over Germans to work in their factories, warehouses, or offices. This is really a bit thick—don't you think so?—especially when one considers the present unemployment situation. Why should the Consul issue passports to these men who are being brought over and given good jobs, too. I am, unfortunately, a victim of this practice.—*G. L. A., London.*

The Emigration Ramp.

In the hearts of those at Lewis who witnessed the recent emigration ramp from the Hebrides, there was universal doubt as to the sanity of the British authorities who allow such an efflux to be possible.

To see those sturdy Northern giants leave the very pick of the manhood of the hardy islanders—was indeed heart-rending to anyone who has the welfare of our race at heart. What are we getting in return? Decrepit aliens of all races, languages, and colour with the lowest morals and weakened by their continual saturations in dope. Would it not be a far wiser course to forbid altogether the entry of such undesirables, and to inaugurate a scheme by which we can draw to our ports this migratory cream of our manhood? The Government is now encouraging suicidal schemes of emigration from the homeland. It is unbearable to think of the future effects of years of such weakening of our people.—*J. McDiarmid, Lewis.*

Those German Films.

Is it not bad enough to have England flooded with toys, etc., of German origin, without introducing films produced in that country? No film receives such an ovation and is advertised so widely as a German production. The most select kinemas of the country welcome its arrival, and crowded houses support each performance. English money pours into German pockets, and the uncouth ideas of the nation are imbibed by young and old. German films should not be placed before British productions.—*G. C., 22, Gordon Road, Chatham, Kent.*

"Manners v. Snobbery."

When the Duchess of York, just prior to going to Westminster to be married, said to the maid, "*Good-bye, Edith,*" she said something that will never be forgotten. Could not the snobs of this country, who are always trying to ape their betters, but look in disdain on those beneath them, learn a lesson from that graceful remark, and go and do likewise? If they would, it would have a tendency to create a better spirit between the classes and the masses, and break down the barriers that at present seem such an obstacle to good feeling, good breeding, and respect for each other.—*J. H. B., 84, Croston Street, Bolton.*

Saved by the Dole.

The thanks of thousands of readers are due to JOHN BULL for the neat and comprehensive snub administered to Lord Rothermere in reply to his unfeeling demand for the abolition of the dole. No other paper as far as I am aware defended the unfortunate unemployed in this connection. The dole, meagre though it be, has proved a source of comfort and a means of existence to a large number who would much rather prefer work. To deprive recipients of this, their only hope, in these abnormal times, would be nothing short of disastrous. The dole has proved a Godsend to the writer during a prolonged fruitless effort to obtain work. And last but far from least, it moreover enabled him to safeguard his home and those he cherishes by insuring under JOHN BULL's insurance scheme.—*W. M. C., Manchester.*

Cruelty to Men.

Much sympathy is expressed on behalf of overloaded horses—and rightly so. But no protection is afforded to those unfortunate humans who, offering their services, through economic pressure, as barrow-men, are compelled to transport excessive loads—as, for instance, furniture—from one locality to another. To save van expense a dealer will often require one man to take on a barrow a complete bedroom suite, consisting of a heavy oak wardrobe, dressing-chest, marble wash-stand, pedestal, chairs and towel-rail—and wheel it a distance of four or five miles. Yet his only choice is to "carry-on" or starve.—*T. J., Acton.*

What £2,000 Can Do

Your Parliamentary columns have frequently suggested improvements in the pensions scheme which provide for the aged and infirm, but there is one aspect, which, I think, has been overlooked. Cabinet Ministers, often in the prime of life and who, in many cases, have means which make subsidies unnecessary, are granted emoluments amounting to many hundreds per year. It is interesting to calculate what could be done with but a single year's pay to one of these plutocrats. Among their grants the sum of £2,000 per annum is a very moderate payment. This single sum—a yearly payment—it must be borne in mind, under the Post Office scheme of annuities, would ensure for 20 of our old folk of 70 years an addition to each of their pensions of 5s. 4d. per week for life. Yet the Government say the country is too poor to give additions to our old people. It is a crying scandal that the nation should tolerate a system which allows a single year's emolument to an undeserving case to deprive twenty others for their lifetime of the difference between hardship and comfort.—*F. Muller, Penzance.*

AN AMERICAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Tells How to make a Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. J. A. McCrea, who was called Grandpa on account of his white hair, and who darkened it with a home-made mixture, made the following statement:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and ½ ounce of glycerine.

"These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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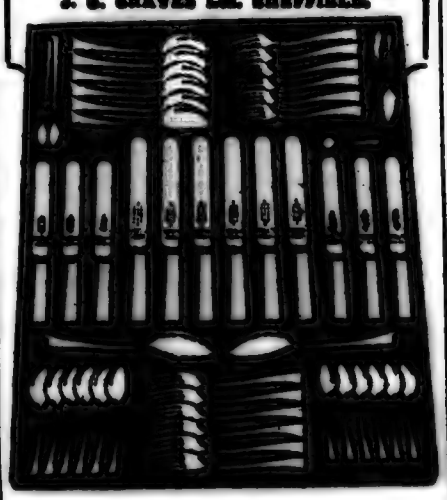

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All who suffer from these distressing maladies, Eczema and Piles, should read the unsolicited testimony below. Germolene positively cures.

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Mrs. Baker, The Banks, Lyndham, near Chippenham, says:—"I had suffered 26 years—all my life—with eczema. It started on my face, and spread over my head and down my back. As I grew up it bothered me frightfully, used to keep me from sleeping, and at all times was a torment. It broke out on my hands too, and I used to rub my fingers together for relief, in spite of the running that followed. All through those years various remedies had been tried, but everything failed. Then at last I tried Germolene, and almost at once it soothed the frightful burning itch. Then the eczema dried up, new clear skin appeared, and in an astonishingly short time I was cured absolutely."

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MURIEL (Wendover).—"Summer time has its disadvantages." We presume you mean that it takes longer to get dark.

DORIS (Swindon).—"How short do you consider skirts ought to be worn?" Below sea level.

WEMBLEY (Preston).—"Never again will I go to see the Cup Final." Your final final, in fact?

SANDY (Cowdenbeath).—"One day we Scotsmen will come into our own." To the exclusion of other people's, we hope?

ISAAC (Colchester).—"No one can teach young people anything in these days." Or in any other, Ike.

OLD SWEAT (Wanstead).—"My eyesight is very good except at night." That Budget again!

WILLIAM H. (Huddersfield).—"My friends all tell me I ought to be in Parliament." They are false friends, Bill.

G. J. W. (Tamworth).—"Is Bonar Law everything he is said to be?" No. A public man never can be—all at once.

T. W. (Hanwell).—"I would like to pass a bill making regular attendance at church compulsory." Quite so. Address noted.

OLD RESIDENT (Holloway).—"As a health resort, this part of London takes a lot of beating." So does your claim.

FOUND OUT (London, W.).—"After a man has served a sentence for bigamy, may he retain both wives?" He may if he can.

MRS. P. (Stafford).—"I now take my pen in hand." A necessary beginning, as otherwise you might have been suspected of holding it with your toes.

J. C. M. (Birmingham).—"Unfortunately I have an artistic temperament. I enclose a few specimens of my work." As you say, it is unfortunate.

SCHOOL MA'AM (Greenwich).—"I always stick up for what I believe to be the principles of precise English." Then paraphrase that "stick up."

PRUNES AND PRISMS (Tollington Park).—"No nice-minded girl ever whistles." Nonsense! The only thing that stops any of them is that they can't.

LUIGI (Saffron Hill).—"Many unpleasant and annoying things are said about the ice-cream sold on barrows." No wonder it retaliates below the belt.

WANDERER (Bolton).—"People in the South talk a very curious dialect." We have always held that the purest English is spoken in Lancashire.

JEANNETTE (Selkirk).—"Can you give me a few hints on carrots?" We are in doubt whether to pass your enquiry to our expert on jewellery, agriculture or hair.

P. C. (Stirling).—We know nothing about the Sweepstake you mention.

HAPPY FATHER (Walsall).—"Do you know any nice girls' names?" Heaps.

A. C. (Bacup).—"Companions are very odorous." That must be extremely unpleasant.

H. S. (Leyton).—"Is it possible to catch malaria in Salonika?" It is: the difficulty is to avoid doing so.

PATRIOT (King's Lynn).—"When was the Prince of Wales crowned?" He wasn't.

E. B. H. (Guildford).—"Have used English postage stamps any value?" If you keep them long enough.

YOUNG ADMIRER (Clapham).—"I do wish you would publish your photograph." If ever we hold a beauty contest we will.

E. G. (Brighton).—"Why should there be so many gravities of beer?" A very grave question.

COINCIDENCE (Bury).—"I can only find winners on wet days." Then your constant prayers for rain may explain the weather lately.

LETTY (Ramsgate).—"My nose is rather retroussé: would you advise me to try to alter it?" No; retroussé noses are one of our weaknesses.

MRS. S. (Govanhill).—"Striving after riches brings more joy than their actual possession." Then this ought to be a very happy world.

BARBER (Bow).—"What is the record for a shave?" We hold it at the moment a 'bus missing us yesterday by one-sixteenth of an inch.

E. G. (Barnsley).—"Does putting the clock on benefit the working classes?" Surely. The scheme was devised mainly for their benefit.

J. T. R. (West Ham).—"Does smoking have a detrimental effect on the mental powers?" No, sir. We are heavy smokers.

OFFICE BOY'S FRIEND (Pembroke Dock).—"The longest word in the English language is 'smiles.'" Much obliged to you and about 487 other readers.

F. C. G. (Rochester).—"Is the intellectual standard of England deteriorating?" Yes, it has never been doing anything else, and it is higher to-day than ever.

DOTTY (Hengoed).—"My father's brother's son has married my mother's sister. What relation am I to their child?" Your state of mind arises presumably from trying to work it out.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

W. E. (Kidderminster).—"A good son doesn't always make a good husband." So our wife remarked at Easter.

W. P. L. (Eastbourne).—"What is the ideal of Communism?" Free beer and no work.

L. O. T. (Maidstone).—"Reform and not punishment should be our aim." It should, as the boy told his mother.

R. W. S. (Aldershot).—"Who cares a hang for Tommy and Jack now?" We do; and so do you.

JACOBITE (Cullercoats).—"Charles I. was a great and wise monarch." But he once lost his head.

MATER (Newcastle).—"My daughters take very little notice of what I say." Daughters rarely do.

PARLOURMAID (Mayfair).—"I only have a night out once a fortnight." We do hope you mean an evening.

S. M. (Bath).—"Has the story of the lost continent of Atlantis any foundation?" Yes, there are many facts which support it.

RUSSIAN (Highgate).—"Your country is not so peaceful and happy as it was." But it must be heaven compared with yours.

W. T. (Liverpool).—"Extravagance is the curse of the generation." And what do you think is the generation of the curse?

T. K. (Edinburgh).—"Is there any money to be made from patenting a new card game?" That depends, as King Bruce said when he first saw the spider.

T. Y. (Redruth).—"The country is rotten to the core with antiquated superstition." Read JOHN BULL and you'll be nicely disinfected.

H. J. (Bow, E.).—"It is true that one half the world does not know how the other half lives." As true as it is trite, and as sad as it is sure.

A. L. (Widnes).—"It makes my blood boil when I see people keeping birds in cages." We don't keep ours in cages, so you're barking up the wrong tree.

W. P. L. (Littlehampton).—"Ambition is a hard task-master." So our office boy finds since he started growing a moustache.

T. R. (Dover).—"Fancy all those fools wanting to watch a football match." The biggest fools were those who did not know how to prepare for the crowd.

MRS. H. (Manchester).—"My *Bullets* by accident contained too many words." Your coupon and entry-fee have been returned.

J. B. H. (Manchester).—"JOHN BULL'S office boy must be about the most famous in the world." It is this sort of comment which makes his proximity at times unbearable.

CLASSIC (Brightlingsea).—"Which of our modern authors will be known a hundred years hence?" It is difficult to say; we could, however, give you a long list of some who won't.

FREE to YOU!

2/6 Everpointed Pencil

Thousands of delighted readers have accepted this offer. Why don't you? See page 2 of cover.

T. T. (Honiton).—"The sooner drink is put down the better." Especially if it is just on closing time.

TOMMY (Sidmouth).—"Does ginger beer contain any alcohol?" If it does, we've never noticed it.

G. T. L. (Eversham).—"I simply cannot rely upon anything my son says." Make him a Member of Parliament.

J. F. (Camborne).—"We don't hear very much of the yellow peril nowadays." We believe they're still sold.

ARCHIE (Maidstone).—"Sometimes I feel like nothing on earth." You poor fish!

SYBARITE (Darwen).—"There ought to be a tax imposed upon wives." There often is—upon their credulity.

JEHU (Fulham).—"Cab-driving is not what it was." Neither are cabs, we are glad to say.

IVAN V. (Notting Hill).—"There is no country like England." And no one seems to appreciate this fact so much as aliens.

P. E. R. (Macclesfield).—"You are sometimes very rude in the 'Letter Bag.'" No, sir—we reprove, admonish, advise or jest, but we are never rude.

BREEDER (Nr. Tring).—"We have some pretty average pigs in this part of the country." There are not a few in London.

EQUALITY (Clerkenwell).—"Never will the British workman bow his neck to the proud heel of the capitalist." Things we want to know: what is a proud heel?

A. B. (Seaford).—"Sometimes words flow from my pen more fluently than others." Next time you write, choose one of the others.

FIAT JUSTITIA (Berwick).—"I have a very wholesome respect for our police force." Born, we hope, of observation, not experience.

W. M. (Acton).—"Who is the fastest shorthand-typist?" Where so many modern girls are concerned, it would be invidious to name one.

P. S. (Kilkenny).—"When will the world come to an end?" Nobody knows—the only circumstance in which we plead ignorance.

OLD READER (Catterick Bridge).—"I could write whole books about my life." Thank you for the "could." Most of our correspondents do.

F. E. W. (Dundee).—"Can my neighbour take proceedings against me for keeping rabbits?" Only if they are his rabbits.

TONGUE-TIED (Weston-super-Mare).—"Could you give me a few rules for the pronunciation of Welsh?" Yes. Rule No. 1: don't try.

LAST TRUMP (Bridlington).—"The writing is on the wall, for all who run to read." Run and read it, and write again.

G. R. (Luton).—"The modern girl knows more than her grandmother did." Don't you be too certain; some of those Victorian misses knew a lot they only whispered.

T. Y. (Staines).—"We shall soon only see a horse in the museum." Your "only" is in the wrong place, old son, but never mind as long as your heart is in the right one.

FLETCHERISM (Stoke). "I am a firm believer in chewing everything 32 times before swallowing." And even that wouldn't be enough for some steaks we've met.

M. L. (Canterbury).—"The power of the Church is as strong as ever it was." Glad you think so; there is nothing like a cheerful disregard of facts to smooth the course of life.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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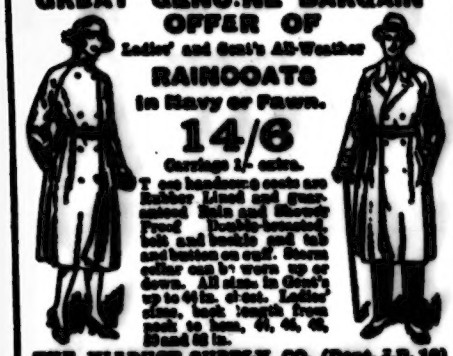

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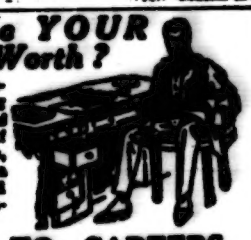

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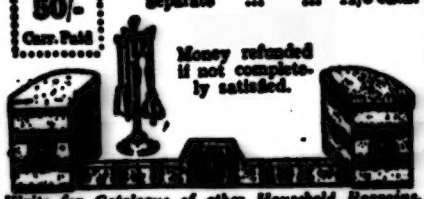

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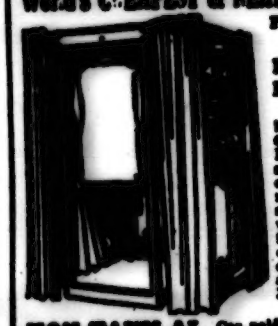

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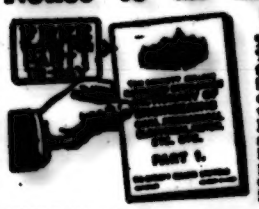

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143a, STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre)
97, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
94, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (next to Stadium)
70a, GOLDHAWK Rd. W. (for Shepherd's Bush Emp.
71, 72, 73a, CAMDEN Rd. Camden Town, N.W.
Benson & Co. Ltd. Est 1833.)

VARICOSE VEINS £100 CHALLENGE

BAD LEGS, etc. Painlessly and Permanently CURED, without Operation, Rest, Drugs, or Bandages, by a Wonderful, New Scientific Discovery. Instant relief, safe, painless, no experimenting, no relapse, no quackery, failure impossible. *A Certain Cure*, even if Hospitals, Specialists, Surgeons, and other Treatments unsuccessful. *Hundreds of sworn Testimonials.* Sufferers should call or write now for copies, Booklet "B," and FREE TEST.
Expert Male and Female Attendants.

Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co. Ltd. (Dept. V.T.), 32 Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.
Works: Passy, Paris.
Head Office: 90 Worcester St., Birmingham.

FREE TEST COUPON.

Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. V.T.), 32, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.
Please send me, entirely without charge, a FREE TEST of your Treatment for permanently Curing Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, etc., together with explanatory Booklet "B."
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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DUNELT

5 h.p. FAMILY OUTFIT

Travel by the better way—on a DUNELT. With this powerful and reliable outfit, you and the family can experience all the joys of the open road—riding just where you will, at a minimum outlay.

Double Seater Sidecar can be fitted at a little extra cost—and any model can be obtained on Easy Payment Terms. Write now for Illustrated Catalogue, and we will arrange a demonstration.

DUNFORD & ELLIOTT (Sheffield) Ltd., Bath Street Works, Birmingham.

Outfits from £39-10

CLINTON-WALL

Every piece wrapped and named

BARGAINS BY POST.
Turn to page 28.

HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR GREY HAIR

A Simple, Sure Harmless Treatment, which can be used at home with Complete Success. Age no obstacle

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF 10,000 Special Trial Bottles FREE

I AM A WOMAN who belongs to a prematurely grey-haired family. My father was grey before he was 30, and two of my brothers as well as my sister became grey early in life. Before the age of 25 I developed grey hairs, which became quite embarrassing to me—socially and also in business. I LOST THREE GOOD POSITIONS for no other reason than my fading hair. The greyness increased with alarming rapidity, and at 28 I LOOKED LIKE A WOMAN OF 45. One day I was seriously thinking of buying one of the many Grey Hair Restorers that are extensively advertised when I casually mentioned the subject to an acquaintance—a scientific man, and as I afterwards learnt, a great student of the Chemistry of the Hair. He strongly advised me to have nothing whatever to do with these

BEFORE. AFTER.

concoctions. He pointed out that SUCH PREPARATIONS EVENTUALLY RUINED THE HAIR and in the meantime rarely deceived even the casual observer. He suggested that I try a formula that he had perfected after a considerable time which by a certain chemical action on the pigmentary colouring cells restored the hair to its natural colour. In reply to my enquiries he assured me that the formula was not only absolutely harmless but would develop a strong and beautiful growth of Hair. My friend wrote out his prescription, which I had made up, and after following the instructions for a few days I was surprised and delighted to find my hair becoming richer and darker in tone. The recolouring process continued until after some few weeks my hair actually once again possessed the natural shade of my girlish days. Since then I have been inundated with enquiries from friends and also persons unknown to me, who came to hear of this wonderful preparation. Having become convinced that I have found A Remedy of Extraordinary Merit, and which is quite harmless I have resolved to offer it for sale, as I am certain from my own experience that it will prove an inestimable boon to any man or woman who finds Grey Hair to be the same serious handicap it was to me.

I have put on one side 10,000 SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLES which I shall distribute, free of charge, to the readers of this paper while the supply lasts.

FREE

Simply write your name and address plainly, and enclose 2 stamps for postage, etc., and I will send you the SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLE in a plain sealed cover. Address:—MARY K. CHAPMAN, Ltd., Suite 103, 18, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.

THE BRAND OF PRISON BARS

Vain Struggles Under Police Supervision

"IT is not the imprisonment that is a punishment to me. It is when I get out that the punishment begins!"

"This is an illustration of the wrong way of dealing with a young offender. This man was sent to prison for his first offence."

The above dialogue between a man charged at the London Sessions a week or so ago and Sir Robert Wallace, the Chairman, epitomises in a vivid fashion the tragedy of many young lives.

Our experience in the administration of "The Greatest of These —" Fund enables us to realise only too well the terrible ordeal that confronts a man convicted of some trifling offence when he is released from prison and has once more to face the world and endeavour to get a living.

Some time ago we commented severely on the treatment meted out by the Magistrates of the East Riding Quarter Sessions at Beverley to an ex-soldier who, while starving, had obtained food without payment by pretending that he had left his purse at home.

That he had no criminal intention was proved by the fact that in several instances he had afterwards sent postal orders to the tradesmen concerned. In fact, he had entered the amount of his indebtedness in each case in a pocket-book, which he handed up to the Magistrates for inspection. Notwithstanding this, he was sentenced to six months' hard labour, to be followed by twelve months' police supervision.

At the time we asked the question: "How *can* he restart when he comes out?"

That man called upon us last week, and after hearing his story, we are still seeking an answer to our question.

He came out of prison penniless, and at once sought work. He is a man of superior education and qualifications, but he did not try to pick and choose among such vacancies as presented themselves, being content if only he might find an opportunity of rehabilitating himself and regaining a reputation for industry and honesty.

He obtained several jobs, but in every case, after he had been working for a short time, in some mysterious manner his employers became aware that he had been in prison, and he was again turned adrift.

At last he found himself in London, homeless, penniless, and hungry. A police inspector to whom he explained his hopeless plight sent him to us. He had had no food for two days, and we supplied his immediate needs.

What is his outlook? The day he called on us he had heard of a vacancy for a clerical assistant in the City. He went there at once in the hopes of securing the appointment, but found a queue of men, all of them, no doubt, furnished with testimonials. He came away dejected, feeling that he was barred by the brand of prison.

He cannot exist indefinitely in this way. Is there no reader who will hold out a helping hand to him in his struggle to wash out the stain of his conviction?

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93 Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Lia ym," 1s.; "Hard Up," 6d.; "Unlucky Star," 7d.; T. T. M., 1s.; "A Friend," 1s.; "Spade," 1s.; T. E. H. (Northampton), 5s.; Mrs. A. M., 1s.; W. D., 1s.; "Seventy-sixth Ninth," 9d.; L. T. (Norwich), 1s. 6d.; V. C. S., 2s. 6d.; "99," 9s.; R. M., 1s.; "Planter's Wife," 5s.; "Nine Times," 1s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 3½d.; H. C. (Halifax), 1s.; Mrs. J. G., 6d.; "Just Ken," 7d.; A. B. (Ilford), 1s.; "Widow," 1½d.; "Constant Reader" (Trowbridge), 1s.; Anon. (Bristol), 6d.; "Ideal" (Shotton), 1s. 7½d.; Anon. (Brocks's Bar) 1s. 6d.; "Hard Up," 4d.; "Winkfield," 1s. 2½d.; M. V. T. (Trowbridge), 2s. 6d.; J. F. (Greenhill), 1s.; "Father Christmas" (Oxford), 5s.; "Mistake," 2s.; "Corwenite," 2s. 6d.; "No Widow," 1s.; E. A. (Tottenham), 10s.; L. H. (London, W.C.), 2s. 6d.; N. W. (Stepney), 2s. 6d.; H. W. M., 1s. 6d.; D. H. (Norfolk), 10½d.; T. C. (Norwich), 2s.; "Surfleet," 1s. 6d.; E. B., 10d.; C. F. D. (Letchworth), 5s.; O'G. (Whitebrook), 2s. 3d.; J. and C. A., 1s.; M. A. S. (Perth), £1; "Widow" (Windsor), 5s.; V. D. and M. B., 10s.; W. J. L., 6d.; G. E., 2½d.; "Canvasser 111," (Glasgow), £1; J. O. (Durban), 6s.; "Fifer," 1s.; E. B., 1s.; W. T. H., 2s.; "Richdick," 3d.; T. J. R., 1s. 3d.; D. E. E. R., 6d.; "A Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; "Curly Locks" (Guildford), 10s.; "Wee Ninth," 3d.; "Lillias," 2s. 6d.; "Edge o' Beyond," 6d.; "Angel-Face," 6d.; "Sharplesbury," 1s.; F. A. R., 6d.; W. G. G., 1s.; "1/9th," 2s.; V. H. G., 2s. 1d.; "One of the Boys," J. B., 1s.; "Born 13th," 1s. 1d.; "Sans Dante," 1s.; "Unlucky Jim," 4d.; "All I have got," 1s. 6d.; W. O., 1s. 6d.; "In Memory of Jim," 2s.; W. B., 1s.; E. K., 1s.; "Unlucky" (Latchington), parcel; "Toby," parcel; A. R. B. (Withernsea), parcel; M. and P. L., parcel; A. R. B. (Withernsea), second parcel; E. T. D. (Tooting), 1s.; "A John Bullite," 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Fanny," 4d.; "Lucky Ninth," 1s.; H. G. (Edgbaston), 5s.; "An Annan Reader," 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth," 2s. 6d.; H. J. M. (Glasgow), 1s.; S. A. H. (St. Bermondsey), 1s.; "Small Ninth," 4½d.; M. L. (Cleethorpes), 2s.; L. R., 3d.; "Other Days," 1s. 6d.; "Orpie's Ninth," 2s. 6d.; R. O. (Bordighera), £5; D. and H. K. (Clapham), 9½d.; C. W. L., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "The Least of Those," 5s.; G. J. B. (Belfast), 2s. 6d.; "Unlucky One," 5d.; R. E. S., 2s.; Anon. (Oxford), 6d.; "A Grateful Wife and Mother," 1s.; "A Small Ninth," 1s. 1d.; L. R., 10s.; "Bard of Brum," 2s. 6d.; H. H., 1s.; M. & J. (S. Fernboro'), 2s. 6d.; W. G. (Wells), 6d.; "A Father Xmas," 4s.; E. C., 2s.; "One Ninth, M.C.," 1s. 6d.; F. W. M. (Surbiton), 1s. 1½d.; "Common Bluejacket," 4s.; "Poor Mary's Ninth," 5d.; "Nottingham Admirer," 4s.; "Ila Ym," 9d.; "Ninth," 1s.; "A Hopeful Ninth," 2s. 3d.; G. L. W. (Wood Green), £1; "Armistice Day Ninth," 10s.; Mrs. E. H. (Leamington Spa), 10s.; E. C. (N. Kensington), 5s. 6d.; "A Mother of Four," 2s.; "A Friend from a Friend," 1s.; "Logenbus" (Nyasaland), £5; "My Ninth," 2s.; "A Widow and Unemployed," 10d.; "Two Old Crocks," 2s.; "A Victor," 8d.; E. M. S., 9d.; "A Ninth of My Fortune," 1s. 5d.; N. C. (Didsbury), 9d.; E. A. (Lincoln), 5s.; G. H. F. (Portsmouth), 3s.; J. S. (Bermondsey), 5s.; Mrs. A. E. G., 1s.; Miss M. J., 2s. 6d.; "Colonial O. F. S.," 7s. 6d.; "Unemployed" (Bristol), 6d.; C. H. E. (Newark), 6d.; "The Ninth," £1; "A Reader" (Totteridge), 1s. 6d.; "Charlie," 2s.; "Volunteer," 2s.; W. C. D., 3s. 7d.; "Peggy," 2d.; "A Mother's Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "A Trier," 5s. 6d.; "A Mother of Five" (Tooting), 2s. 6d.; "Lucky Ninth," 1s.; L. W. F., 2s. 6d.; "Bookie's Ninth" (Birmingham), 10d.; A. B., 3s.; "Disabled E.O.S.B.," 1s.; "Widow," 2s.; L. S. (Erith), 1s.; "Christmas Ninth," 1s. 9d.; F. G. (Devon), 2s.; E. J. T. (Dorset), 2s. 6d.; "Southampton," 2s. 2½d.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

THE *BULLETS* HABIT

From letters which we receive from competitors, it is quite clear that *Bullets* has become for many something more than the mere pastime for an idle moment. But there is no necessity whatever to devote long hours to the making of *Bullets*. The better way is to be constantly alert for any new ideas which might be utilised, and to apply them when opportunity occurs. Newspapers are a constant source of such ideas. Their short, snappy style not only provides the competitor with material for his efforts, but sets him thinking in exactly the terse, straightforward manner in which *Bullets* should be expressed. Endeavour to give each idea a new twist of your own.

A clever idea may be forgotten unless it is jotted down at the time. A good plan is to detach the list of current *Bullets* examples and carry it in your pocket. A sudden thought—a swift reference to that list—a few moments' consideration, and you may have hit on a £1,000 *Bullet*.

It will pay you to acquire the *Bullets* habit!

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 481.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. H. HAYHURST, 120, Preston New Road, Blackburn.

Example:—HEALTHY STATE
Bullet:—SOLDIERS PLAYING—EX-SOLDIERS WORKING.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. H. Hosking, 141, Forest Lane, Forest Gate, E. 7.

Example:—GROWING
Bullet:—PALE—MISLAID HER HAND-BAG.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. DENTITH, 22, Lloyd Street, New Brighton.

Example:—UP IN THE AIR.
Bullet:—OUR "GUARDIANS" ONLY "ANGELS."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

JOHN FISHER, 153, Ellesmere Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.
SITTING STILL—WHEN KICKED, THAT'S PACIFISM.

J. F. TOWNSHEND, 36, Brown's Lane, Gt. Bedwyn, Wilts.:
WISE GOVERNMENT—CAN'T MAKE FOOLS PROSPER.

F. DALE, 39, Stone Road, Longton, Staffs.:
AFTERWARDS—TEMPTATION RETURNS WITH REINFORCEMENTS.

MRS. G. DOWLE, East Farm, Owermoigne, Dorchester:
GROWING—TILL YOUNGSTER MAKES SURE.

A. E. BROOKS, 61, Bell Hill Road, St. George, Bristol:
HOME, SWEET HOME—SHOULDN'T BECOME NIGHT SCHOOL.

JOHN LEDGERWOOD, 60, Victoria Road, Workington:
UP IN THE AIR—ENGLAND AMONG "ALSO FLEWS."

A. H. B. PAYNE, 9, Albert Road, Wood Green, N. 22:
MODERN MARRIAGE—"LOOSE COUPLING" PRODUCING "REACTION."

L. F. SIMS, West Bank, Ambergate, Derbys:
BLACK LOOKS—IF TOMMY WROTE MEMOIRS.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

THOMAS THOMSON, Park Terrace, Polmont, Scotland:
HEALTHY STATE—DESTROYED BY "IRREGULAR" HABITS.

S. S. LAYCOCK, 22, Victoria Street, Sutton-in-Craven, Keighley:
WHERE TO STOP—LOWERING WAGES—SUBSISTENCE LEVEL.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

A. P. WATERS, 164, Siddals Road, Derby:
BEDTIME STORIES—KIDDIES "TAKEN UP" WITH.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

W. H. WELLS, 9, Denham Road, Sheffield:
THE BUDGET—AMERICANS CAN'T BOAST BIGGER.

C. H. ROSCOE, "Wyvenhoe," 17, Croston Road, Anson Estate, Manchester:
WIFE'S DUTY—TO HERSELF—OFTEN FORGOTTEN.

A. PILLINGER, c.o. Mrs. Bateman, Counterpool Road, Kingswood, Bristol:
CHEAP TO-DAY—INSULTING BRITAIN MUSTN'T BECOME.

J. NAUGHTON, Upper Abbeygate Street, Galway, Ireland:
ALONE—NOT MODERN MAIDEN'S "FAULT."

H. D. BENNING, 39, Poland Street, W. 1:
WHAT HE LIKES—IN PLEASURES, CHARACTER'S CLUE.

S. A. WHITE, 606, Fulham Road, S.W. 6:
SHOWING HER HAND—THEN FIST—OMNIBUS PASSED.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon).

H. T. JONES, Wern, Cwmgiedd, Ystradgynlais, Brecons:
SATURDAY TO MONDAY—WISE FILL THEIR LUNGS.

W. HILLIER, 11, Millbrook Street, Christchurch, Hants:
LONGER DAY—WHEN SUBURBS LACKED CINEMAS.

FRED BROWNING, 8, Methuen Road, Newport, Mon.:
GROWING—EAGER, SPOILS MANY BARGAINS.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Coupons for 2nds, 3rds and 4ths respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three other "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 481 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 483.

RAMSAY MACDONALD
ON THE STAGE
ROYAL RECEPTION
BRITAIN'S BEST
DESERVES A MEDAL
AMERICA'S WAY
IN OUR VILLAGE
EASTERN PROBLEM
GIVING HER AWAY
MORE TALK
WOMAN
QUEER THINGS
MONEY FOR JAM
MY HOUSE
BAR PARLOUR
THE NEXT TIME
POPULAR SONG
RUNNING THINGS FINE
BY WIRELESS
WEARY
PAST MASTER
WE ALL KNOW
A BLESSING
TAKING THE TILLER
OUR BABY
WHERE TO BEGIN
SOON OVER
BEST SIDE
IN THE RING
IMPROVING
ONLY HOPE
WILLING HORSE
WITHOUT A POLICY
FULL UP
NEW DRESS
UPSIDE DOWN
SMELLING A RAT
WHAT THE CURATE SAID
HOME COMFORTS
WHEN SHE LIKES

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Forty examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: Example:—LITTLE HELP Bullet:—CRAMMING HUNGRY CHILDREN'S HEADS. Example:—PAID IN FULL Bullet:—THEN FRANCE "QUITS." Example:—WHEN LONDON SLEEPS Bullet:—SOME MOTORISTS SHOULD PRACTISE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 483, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(483) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(483) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(483) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(483) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Ten-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 481 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

BIG "BULLETS" PRIZE COMING!

Outdoor Dogs

Fine weather brings outdoor rambles and a bigger appetite for your dog. You can satisfy the biggest appetite with Spratt's Dog Cakes. These big, wholesome biscuits are made of finest wheat-meals and stamina-building beef. They are sold in white-cotton bags ... 1/3 - 3½lbs.

SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

What to Take for SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. A few doses restore your organs to their proper functions and the Headache and the causes of it pass away. In the same manner *They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation.*

Genuine bear signature— Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Start To-day and get rid of Your Skin Trouble

The only reason people suffer from skin complaints is because they have not used Antexema, for it succeeds when doctors, hospitals and every other treatment has failed. You haven't to wait months before you gain any benefit from Antexema. The first application stops all irritation and arrests the further progress of your skin complaint. Persevere with its use and you will be thoroughly cured. It recommends itself very powerfully because it cures every skin illness from rashes, chafing, and tenderness of young children to the worst cases of obstinate eczema of men and women. Scalp troubles, barber's rash, bad legs, rough hands, face spots, blackheads, and every other sore, irritated, pimply or blotchy condition of the skin quickly yields to Antexema. Skin sufferers! The sooner you use Antexema the sooner will you be released from your misery.

Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a liquid cream, and is invisible to the skin.

Get Antexema To-day

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Lewis & Burrows' at 3/- and 1/3, the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3/- and 1/6, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Nerve Failure

Powerless, Wasted and Bedridden. Had only a month to live.

An authentic statement by the father of a boy who was sent home to die. Wasted, speechless, helpless—it was said that nothing more could be done for him. But he himself begged for Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they cured him.

Mr. A. J. WATTS, 17, Castle Road, Grays, Essex, writing October 31, 1922, says:—"Dear Sirs,—About twelve months ago my son, Leslie Alfred Watts, then 14½ years old, became paralysed in his right arm and leg, and also suffered loss of speech, though he was still able to read. About a month after the attack he was getting worse, and I was informed that nothing more could be done for him—in fact, he might live for another month or less. At that time he only weighed four stone. I had him brought home and for a month or two he only lingered, neither improving nor relapsing. One day he read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and he was so sure that they would make him well that he continually worried me until I was persuaded to get some on trial. From the time he first took the tablets, which was about seven months ago, he began to improve—so much so that the paralysis has nearly left him, and he is able to walk about without any assistance. Only recently his speech has returned; moreover, he now weighs about 7½ stone. In conclusion, I must say that Dr. Cassell's Tablets have proved a great success, and that they have a wonderful healing power. I am certain that my son's recovery is due to Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME
and note how well you sleep and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Insanity	Headache
Exhaustion	Paralysis
Sleeplessness	Kidney Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's Weakness
Nerve Pains	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

HOME PRICES 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

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